BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH, 1952

TWO SHILLINGS

EXQUISITE
Gaily coloured members of the *Nymphalidae* family of South American butterflies clustered on the flowers of a Giant Saguaro cactus.
Cussons
IMPERIAL LEATHER
Toilet Powder
IMPERIAL LEATHER
The Toilet Luxuries of Exquisite Character
Cussons

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W.1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 44 No. 3 MARCH, 1952

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONTENTS

Cover Design *Blue Reverie*

Articles

Capri
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 13 and 70–72

The Casket of Romance
by *W. Macqueen-Pope* 14–15 and 84

Flowers for the World
by *Curtiss Hamilton* 16 and 80

Britain's Other Industries
by *Guy Livingston* 20 and 82

Old Tales Retold
Echo and Narcissus
by *Trevor Allen*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24

Eastertide
by *Norman Wymer*
Illustration
by *Victor Ross* 25 and 80

The World's Worst Story
by *Richard Parsons*
Illustration
by *V. S. Goodall* 28 and 68–70

Honour Your Partners
by *Mary and Norman Michie*
Illustrations
by *Evadne Rowen* 32 and 33

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 34 and 60

Home Section

Some People Buy Cats 35

Shopping for You 36

More Shopping for You 37

Appointments in Glass 38 and 39

Frames for Flowers 40–41

Strength Conceals its Secret 42–43

Can any Expert? 44

Paper and Fabrics 45

Jersey is so Versatile 46–47

Knitting :
Cardigan Jumper 48 and 74
Pocket Panels 49 and 74

There are Secretaries and Secretaries 50

Telling Hands 51

Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Beauty is a Campaign 52–53

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Second Vegetable 54–55

Car on a Budget
by *Kay Petre* 56 and 82

Stories

One Every Minute
by Paul Lincoln
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 74–78

Appointment in Utopia
by *Michael Hastings*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 17–19 and 60–64

Grandma and the Plum Tree
by *John Tait*
Illustrations
by *Pauline Baynes* 26–27 and 58–60

The Masterpiece
by *Barbara Goolden*
Illustrations
by *Frank M. Lea* 29–31 and 64–68

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

Horrockses Fashions
in Fine Cotton

After 25 —
Watch for Dry Skin

ROUND about the age of 25, every woman should use her mirror with a more critical eye.

Tiny lines, flakiness, dry patches — these show that the natural oils of the skin are beginning to decrease. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil.

Help your skin by giving it a cream specially suited to its needs. A special new cream, Pond's Dry Skin Cream, will offset this inevitable drying-out. Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's natural oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier.

Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream these two ways:

Lanolin-soften by night: After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face and work in thoroughly, leaving a light film to soften your skin all night. You feel its softening help immediately. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day: If your skin is very dry, smooth in a little Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. Your skin will be protected all day.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream is reasonably priced at 2/9 a jar.

The Lady Daphne Straight
"Pond's Dry Skin Cream is really remarkable. It is so very rich—yet very soft, too—and never sticky. I like it better than any other," says Lady Daphne.

Dry Skin? *This is the answer*

See VICTORIA FALLS and KRUGER NATIONAL PARK..

...on what you SAVE..

. . . by travelling during May or June, when a reduction of up to £60 is offered in the first-class fares to South Africa and back. The 14-day sea voyage each way by a beautifully appointed Union-Castle Liner will provide a perfect prelude and ending to the holiday of a lifetime. Ask for illustrated literature regarding this special opportunity and for details of Shore Excursions in South Africa.

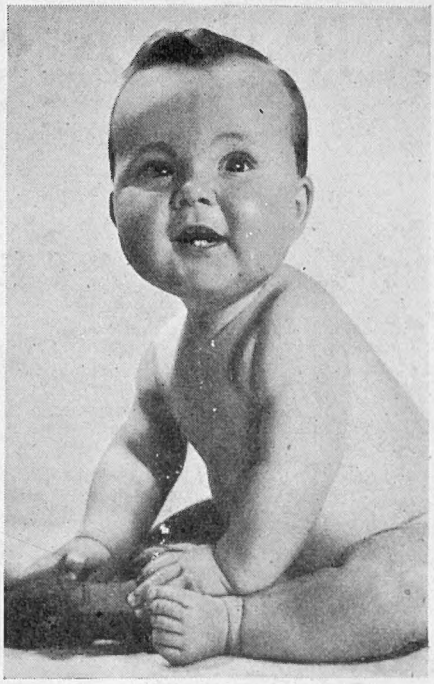
Apply :— Head Office, 3 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3
West End Passenger Agency : 125 Pall Mall, S.W.1
or Travel Agents

First-class travel to SOUTH AFRICA by

UNION-CASTLE

during May and June
at 20% reduction

"A Fine Fellow!"



did I hear you say? I certainly *feel* fine—thanks to Cow & Gate!

Only the best was good enough for me, so my mother chose Cow & Gate. She knew it would give me the finest start in life — a sound constitution. She says my strong limbs, straight back and healthy appearance have already justified her choice, so that she looks forward to the future with happy confidence. *I'm* proud, too, of my four beautiful teeth! Your mother should get *you* a tin of Cow & Gate today.

The Food of Royal Babies

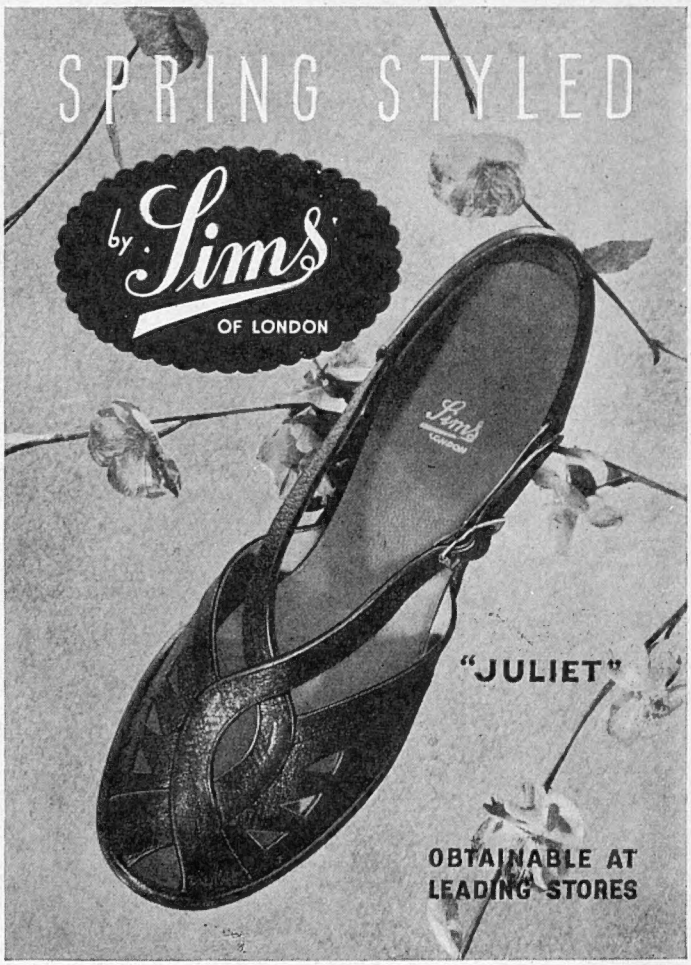
COW & GATE MILK FOOD

COW & GATE LTD., GUILDFORD, SURREY

4888

SPRING STYLED

by Sims OF LONDON



"JULIET"

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES

For name of nearest stockist write to :—
H. SIMS & CO. LTD., 35 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

Take a sunshine holiday in

South Africa

A holiday in this bright and lovely land adds pleasure to leisure. Long hours of health-giving sunshine enrich each day's enjoyment and there are no currency restrictions or other tedious formalities to detract from your freedom.

Consult your Travel Agent or write for literature and information. This office is at your service for free, friendly and non-commercial advice on holidays in South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION

70 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I

TELEPHONE : GROSVENOR 6235

475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

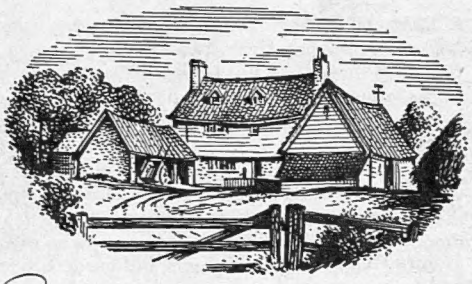
SATOUR

Good fare can be appreciated more after a glass of DRY FLY SHERRY. It is the best appetizer at cocktail time.

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

From your Wine Merchant or :
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd. · *Wine & Spirit Merchants to H.M. the King.*

BY APPOINTMENT TABLE SALT MANUFACTURERS



The Salt of Hospitality

for farmhouse or flat

Cerebos

The finest Salt

in every home

You'll see the Latest Things and get Better Values

The 'Centre of England' will be at Olympia this year!

A REAL VILLAGE. For the first time, the great National Hall has been transformed into a complete English Village, real to the last brick, with an Inn and Shops around a Village Green, six houses of new and striking design including the People's House and Old Folks' Bungalow. A CARAVAN TOWN of Homes on Wheels for permanent occupation, including 2-storey caravans—all open for inspection and fully furnished—the modern solution of the housing problem; and a model of a site for 200 homes complete with playgrounds, shops, lighted streets and gardens.

GARDENS OF SPRING FLOWERS. Lovely blooms in an entrancing setting designed by world-famous garden architects with the music of two orchestras.

GADGETS GALORE. A host of new ideas to lighten work in the home and striking developments in Heating and Lighting which cut your costs.

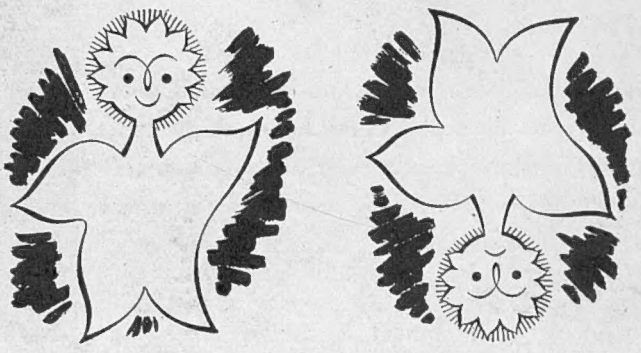
CRISIS IN THE KITCHEN. Here is a chance to see some of the leading chefs at work. They have accepted a challenge to solve a domestic crisis: to prepare and cook a three-course dinner in half-an-hour under home conditions, using only commonplace ingredients. Many other absorbing FOOD AND COOKERY exhibits and demonstrations. Britain's finest foods on sale.

Come early and bring the children

Nestlés Playland • Working Model Railway
Ideal Home Bookshop • Fashion Parades • Beauty Aids
Hall of Sleep • History of Smoking • Daily Mail Rest Lounge
Three Famous Guards' Bands and the R.A.F. Band

Daily 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. (except Sundays)
ADMISSION 3/- inc tax • **CHILDREN HALF PRICE**

Contradiction in Therms



IT ISN'T a good cooker when dirty burners are reducing heat and wasting gas . . . or when you delay cleaning the oven . . . and don't wash the grill! It isn't a good cooker when you use more gas to do the cooking than need be — *and it costs more, too!*

IT IS a good cooker when you keep the burners so clean they give full heat without waste . . . when you spend a few minutes wiping down the oven while it's still warm . . . or when you give the grill an occasional bath in hot soapy water! It is a good cooker when you make the most of the gas you burn — *and it costs less, too!*

IT ISN'T good cooking when you keep the vegetables boiling with the gas full on . . . when you forget to regulate the oven . . . or when you don't realise it's sheer waste to let the flames "flare up" round a saucepan. It isn't good cooking when you have to burn extra gas to get your cooking done — *and it all goes on the bill!*

IT IS good cooking when you turn down the gas as soon as the vegetables start to boil . . . when you adjust the gas so that the tip of the flame just touches the bottom of a pot or pan . . . or when you use the oven heat control properly. It is good cooking when you use gas sensibly — without wasting it *and keep the gas bills down!*

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

GAS

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

GALA OF LONDON

creates the first reasonably-priced, full-strength

HORMONE CREAM

for the over-thirty skin

To supplement the skin's natural supply of estrogen (which begins to diminish after the age of 30) . . . Gala's superb Hormone Cream keeps the skin soft, supple and counteracts dryness, crepiness, fine lines. The first full-quality, modestly priced cream of this kind. The 12/6*d* jar provides a 5 weeks' treatment. Available from the Gala Advisers in better Stores, from high-class chemists, or the Gala Shop, Dept. B.E., Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

12/6
A JAR

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Design in "Ayrbeam" 3-ply—Leaflet 920, post free 6½d.

Templeton's 'AYR' Wools

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD., Ayr., Scotland
Worsted Spinners since 1827

SERVICE STREAMLINED SINCE WAR

Comfort-Study aided by popular vote

Faced with a virtually demolished rail system in 1946, French National Railways took a poll of passengers' preferences before ordering new rolling stock, and carefully examined suggestions of the public before planning the trains and time tables that today serve 5,700 stations and 25,000 miles of track. The result is the most efficient rail service in Europe.

Light-weight metal coaches with controlled heating and ventilation, give increased comfort to passengers and more coaches per train. Compartments built since the war are very comfortably upholstered and all have head and arm rests and incorporate, as far as possible, the results of a study of the ideal degree of inclination of the back. Development and improvement still continue.

On the principal services between the Channel Ports and Paris, and on most of the international trains crossing the French frontier, time and trouble are saved by Customs examination of hand luggage on the train.

Reservations and tickets for both outward and homeward journeys can be booked in advance through good travel agents anywhere in Britain and paid for in sterling, leaving the passenger's continental holiday allowance intact.

REDUCED FARES

Tourist tickets at reduced fares will be maintained during 1952. These offer reductions of 20% and 30% on ordinary fares for return and circular journeys of at least 1,500 and 2,000 km. on the French Railways. A holiday bargain worth investigating.

BOUILLABAISSE AT STATION BUFFET

Fish Soup, many varieties of omelette and deliciously 'different' Continental dishes are normal station fare in France. Of course there are straightforward egg, meat and vegetable dishes too for the more conservative traveller. Buffets provide five-course meals, local wine and tips included. Prices from 650frs.

AIM FOR MID-WEEK TRAVEL

Note for those who can pick their dates, French Railways remind intending passengers that mid-week journeys are less crowded than week-end, and that holidays taken outside the peak period from July 15 to August 31 can cost less and are no great hardship in a country where summer starts early, stays late.

TOURS BY LUXURY MOTOR COACH

Another French Railways Service.

Those who would like to see France's beauty spots at close quarters should ask about French Railways' Motor Coach tours. Services include the Alps, Jura, Vosges, Pyrenees, Auvergne, the Riviera, Provence, Côte d'Argent, Normandy and Brittany.

FREE BOOKLET—a Feast of Colour

The touch of a Parisian artist breathes glamour and romance into "France", a new, exquisitely colour-printed booklet available free on application to French Railways Ltd. Write today, a postcard will do.

Information, tickets & reservations from principal Travel Agents and—

SNCF **FRENCH RAILWAYS LIMITED**

179 Piccadilly, London, W.1

CVS–53

Contemporary Lounge

In this setting are shown a few pieces of sectional furniture in the modern manner. These are available from the selected range of Contemporary Furniture now being shown by Oetzmann.

Illustrated:
The "Robin" **Sectional Lounge Suite,** fully sprung and upholstered in a range of pleasing cotton and wool tapestries in most colours. The 5-piece Suite, as shown . . . £41. Fireside Chair . . . £9. The 3-piece Settee, as shown, with an overall width of 5 ft. 7 in. . . . £23. The Sewing Chair, forming the centre portion of this Settee . . . £7. The **Nest of 5 Tables** in natural oak—the individual tables nesting snugly to the arms of chairs—1 ft. 5 in. high, 2 ft. 6 in. in diameter . . . £10 6s. 8d. The "Buro-lite" **Bureau/Bookcase,** fitted with pigeon-holes and strip light inside the self-adjusting writing flap, a drawer and sliding glass doors to the book shelves—also in natural oak, 2 ft. 6 in. wide . . . £18 18s. 0d.

★ *Send to-day for FREE Furniture Catalogue.*

Oetzmann
THE COMPLETE HOME FURNISHERS
67-87 HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.1. *EUSton 5000*
and KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1. *KENsington 6106*

See our Stand
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA · LONDON · MARCH 4-29

NOW... for the PAROZONE spring clean

It's a bright job with Parozone to help in brightening Porcelain, Wall and Fireplace Tiles, Glass, Crystal, Enamelware and plain Woodwork . . . in freshening Sink, Lavatory Bowl and Drains and, of course, in whitening all linens and Cottons. Follow the directions on the bottle label.

A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

PAROZONE REG.

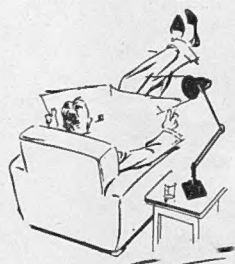
DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

Head Office: Glasgow. And at London, Nottingham and Woking

---

flexible AS YOUR FINGER... 'stays put' AT ANY ANGLE

WHATEVER you do, wherever you work, there's the TERRY ANGLEPOISE Lamp—of 1001 angles at a finger touch—to help you do even better. Move it where you will, as you want it, and it stays put. A concentrated beam on your work or book, *not in your eyes.* Easily the lamp of the century—flexible light. Uses a 25 or 40 watt bulb only—think of the current saving alone! In Black, Cream or Cream-and-Gold. From £4.19.6 (inc. p.t.) all electricians or stores.



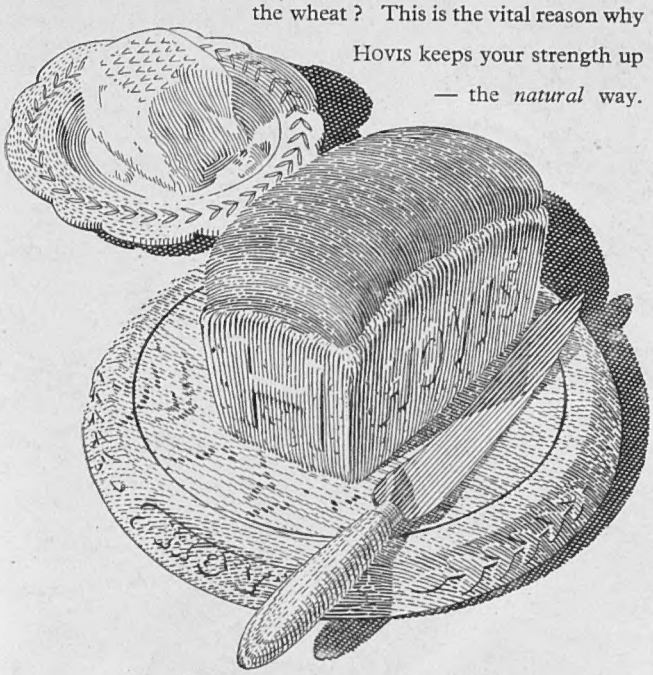
THE **TERRY** *Anglepoise* LAMP

Pat. all countries.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD · REDDITCH.
LONDON · MANCHESTER · BIRMINGHAM

TA11J

How many women know . . . that Hovis contains the heart of the wheat? This is the vital reason why Hovis keeps your strength up — the *natural* way.



Hovis gives you

THE HEART OF THE WHEAT

Ask for

Olde English

Appetites gladly respond to the tempting flavour of Chivers 'Olde English'. This favourite thick-cut marmalade — 'The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table'—is again obtainable in good supply.

Chivers

Olde English

Marmalade

GH 238

Lucky People! they own **THERMOS**

BRAND JUGS, JARS and FLASKS

"THE thing in my basket?" *replied the district nurse.* "That's porridge for tomorrow's breakfast. None of your pre-cooked, pre-fabricated stuff either, but real Scotch oatmeal. I live by myself, I never know what time I'll have breakfast or where I'll eat it, but I always have my porridge. It cooks itself all night in my Thermos jar, and it's ready when I am. And, of course, there's coffee in the flask."

People who have to look after themselves and their job at the same time know all about Thermos — the silent servant who saves them time, trouble and fuel, and makes life so much easier. But Thermos can be just as helpful in large households too — in hot weather as well as cold. There's always a use for these wonderful jars and jugs.

Unfortunately, demand generally exceeds supply — but there are enough Thermos models coming through to ensure that you'll be lucky soon. There are several designs — and, of course, they all carry the famous 'Thermos' registered trade mark.

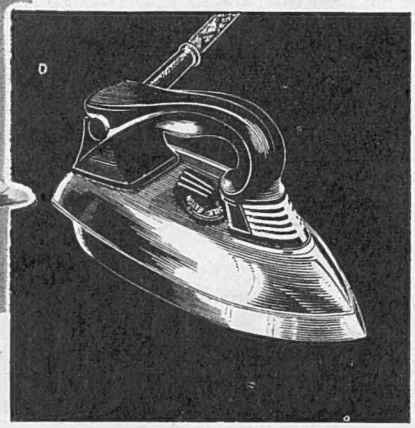
SPECIAL 'THERMOS' REFILL SERVICE

If you have the bad luck to break the glass lining of a 'Thermos' vacuum vessel, don't throw away any of the components. Consult your retail supplier on the question of fitting a new vacuum refill.

THERMOS

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

VACUUM VESSELS



PREMIÈRE

The thrill of the first night of the ballet gives an always remembered pleasure. In a different way, but equally lasting is the pleasure given by Premier products.

PREMIER

Fine Quality

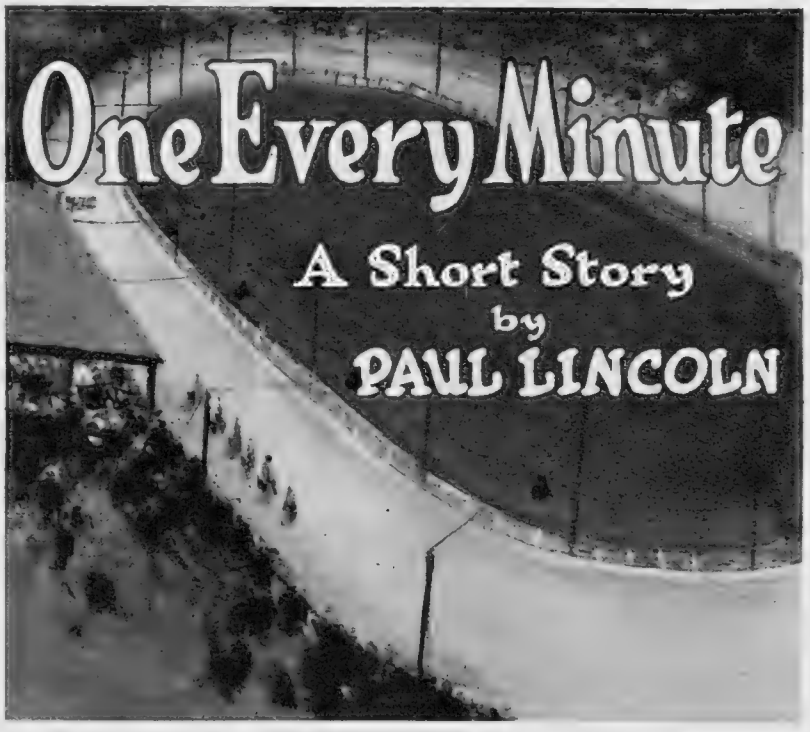
electric appliances

Irons, Fires, Kettles, Percolators,
Warming Plates, Toasters, Urns & Sterilizesr.

PREMIER ELECTRIC HEATERS LIMITED BIRMINGHAM

Member of the A.E.I. group of companies.

One dog, a little brindle fellow with white-tipped ears, winked at him. It was no use telling David he hadn't—he had winked, very definitely winked.



NERVOUSLY David Ender turned over the sugar in the bowl before him—turned it back again, put down the spoon he was turning it with, dipped in his pocket for a cigarette—and came out with the stub of a Woodbine. With trembling hands he lit up the stub, inhaled deeply, and, determined to relax, let out the smoke in a long, drawn-out sigh.

He glanced at the clock in the café wall near by; seven-thirty. Shorty would be there soon. And then the thought of him coming started his nerves jangling again. Had he been wise in arranging to meet him? He knew so little about him—merely that he was a professional gambler, had an account at the bank, did well with horses and even better with dogs. It was his tales of dogs, and of how he could pick them to win, that had started David's interest.

The clock pinged the half-hour and David came up in his chair. He looked round sheepishly. What was the matter with him? Anyone would think he was going to *rob* the bank, not gamble with the wages he had honestly earned there. And then he thought once more of his reason for gambling—of Lilla, her red hair, her provocative lips, "her trembling thigh and demesnes that there adjacent lie," he finished, mentally quoting Shakespeare. That helped a little—the thought of Lilla—and his eyes lost their anxious look for a moment and became pools of rather wicked reverie. But anxiety was soon back.

"'Ullo."

David looked up.

"Oh . . . hello."

A little, slim man—well-named as Shorty—stood before him. He had on a blue, tight-fitting overcoat, a snap-brimmed felt hat and a white muffler.

"It 's okay," he said out of the corner of his mouth in a whisper. "They 're tryin'."

"They——?"

"Shut up, you clot!" hissed the small man. "D' you want everybody to know?"

"But I haven't said anything," said David, lamely. "I only wanted——"

"The dogs I fancy," broke in the small man. "They 're okay."

"Oh . . . I see," said David. "Well, what do we do now?"

"We go to the track, o' course. Got the poke?"

"The what?"

"The poke—the dough—your money!"

"Oh, yes—yes, sure," said David, taking his pay-roll from his pocket. "Here you are."

"Don't give it to me, you fool! Put it back in your sky." David hesitated. "Your pocket!"

"Oh . . . right." David did as he was bidden.

"Now let 's scarpa."

David raised his tall, loose frame from the chair and followed the other out of the café.

On the way to the dog-track Shorty kept running into people every bit as secretive and quite as peculiar as he. One gentleman, David learned, was called Willie the Weasel, and he listened in awe as he and Shorty carried on the following conversation.

"Know anything, Willie?"

"Maybe."

"What 's the dope?"

"Six in third, fourth."

"Straight?"

"Dead."

"Buy your old woman a pair of bloomers."

David gaped as Shorty slipped a 10s. note into the Weasel's paw. The Weasel scurried away and they walked on.

"He didn't give me nothin' I didn't already know," explained Shorty. "Got it this afternoon that Number Six was tryin'. Still, you got to keep the Weasel greased for future reference."

"I see," said David, becoming more and more confused. "But what did he mean by 'third' and 'fourth'?"

"Well, it 's hobvious, ain't it? Number Six, Trap Three, Fourth Race."

"Very," agreed David, and working it out quietly on his fingers, strode on.

Never in his twenty-three years had he heard such a clatter as that set-up in the enclosure Shorty now took him into. On stools, on boxes—some even on great slabs of stone—stood red-faced men with loud voices and high blood-pressure shouting the odds. Sitting beside them

were dismal-looking gnomes with long noses, plus droppers, long legs and thin arms writing in ledgers and issuing tickets.

Over all, were posters screaming "Shanghai Charlie," "Honest Dick," and one outstanding board with the simple wording—"Perce." That "Perce" did something to David.

AMONG all that clang of activity, it seemed to strike a note of steadiness, faithfulness, honesty and purpose. "Perce," he decided, was the one man he would give his money to.

He corrected himself hastily—he would lay it on with. Beside "Perce" stood a man some 6 ft. 6 ins. in height and proportionately broad. Even he, thought David, looked gargantuanly honest. Oh, if only Lilla knew the sacrifices he was making for her!

Getting himself mixed up with gamblers with duck's disease, with weasels and gnomes and Shanghai Charlies, and all for the sake of a blasted engagement-ring! Know? Know?

She wouldn't know or care either. Why, at that very moment she was coasting around the country in Bill Rivers' roadster, enjoying the evening breeze, with that red hair streaming behind her, her teeth agleam, all innocent, of course, of Bill's plan to way-lay her.

"Let me get at him!" he cried out suddenly, as he saw the car stop in a shady glade and a lecherous hand drop to her knee. "And I'll break his——!"

"What are *you* bawlin' about?" asked Shorty, looking around. "Gone bonkers or what?"

"What? Yes—no! I—I was thinking of something."

David dropped his gaze and shuffled awkwardly. "I—er—I got carried away."

"Looks like you did," sniggered Shorty. "An' you don't get carried away in this game, see, kid. You got to keep cool, keep the old brain in the fridge. Now, take a gander at this." He jabbed his programme with a chewed-up pencil-butt. "There . . . Number Four . . . straight-up."

"You mean——?"

"It's a cert, but I'll just check up my information. You never know in this

business, kid. Some of 'em are dead dishonest."

DAVID nodded dumbly and Shorty dodged away to mix with owners, trainers, info.-men and punters. For want of something better to do, David turned his attention to the dogs in the paddock who, at that moment, were having their white running-jackets, with the red numbers stamped on them, strapped about their middles.

And as he looked, he started. For one dog—a little brindle fellow with white-tipped ears—winked at him. It was no use telling David he hadn't—he had winked, very definitely winked. And as he was led out on the track he grinned—grinned with all the confidence in the world. David gawked. Well, if *that* wasn't getting it straight from the horse's mouth, or, rather, the dog's muzzle, he didn't know what was. His eyes gleaming excitedly, his hand closed round the pay-roll and a couple of postal-orders he had in his pocket, and he began to look about for "Perce." "Perce" seemed to be doing pretty good business, and with the Honest Giant standing stolidly beside him, arms folded, face impassive, like an Indian chief, was unable to take his bet for the moment. As David waited, seething, wondering whether he would get it on before the race began, Shorty appeared from under the Honest Giant's elbow.

"Hi-yi! What 's this, what 's this?"

"What 's what?"

"What you doin' 'ere?"

"Doing here? Well, I 'm going to place a bet."

"Yeah? Yeah? On what, hey, on what?" asked Shorty, with a sniggering look.

"Well, on——" David suddenly realised he hadn't got the name of Brindle or his number. "On—er——" He strained forward and just managed to pick out the number on Brindle's jacket as he was pushed into a trap. "On Number Two," he finished triumphantly.

"Lakes," said Shorty.

"Huh?"

"You—lakes. What crook gave you that?"

"Nobody gave it me. I found it out myself."

"How?"

"Huh?"

"How?"

"I——" He paused. He could hardly tell a hard nut like Shorty Brindle had winked and grinned the information. "He—er—well, he looked particularly fit, I thought."

"Sure! But he 's bin stopped."

He had hoped to find happiness by going to the dogs, but instead he learnt the true meaning...

"Stopped? You mean they won't let him run?" asked David, with a compassionate look at Brindle.

"Naw, naw! The owner's stopped 'im." David still looked blank. "Look," went on Shorty. "The owner doesn't want 'im to win."

"Doesn't—but why not?"

Shorty raised despairing eyes to heaven.

"Gawd 'elp the 'elpless! Because," he continued, hissing the words out between his teeth, "because he 's bin paid to make 'im lose. The wide boys, the gamblers, are on Number Six. So all the other owners 'ave bin squared. Get it now?" Vaguely, David did. And feeling, in any case, that it was not his place to argue with an expert like Shorty, did as he was asked and tremulously handed him a 10s. note to place on Number Six.

Something went wrong. That was, Number Six didn't win. Oh, he would have done, as Shorty was quick to explain, but for the fact that half-way round the track he started to fight. Four of the other dogs joined in, and Brindle, still grinning like a fool, came through to win.

DAVID pushed back his hat and ran his hand over his face. It came away damp with perspiration. Ten bob down already and they hadn't really started yet. He turned to Shorty.

"I—er—I don't want you to think me a bad loser," he said, "but you *did* say Brindle had been stopped, didn't you?"

Shorty didn't reply.

"Maybe—maybe," went on David, determined to show at all costs he was a sportsman and was not really blaming Shorty for his losses, "maybe they didn't shove the stopper in hard enough?"

Shorty's eyes flicked round on him.

"They don't shove any stoppers in 'em, you fool. They just tighten the collar a bit—that stops 'em breavin'. Or they puts elastic round their paws. That stops 'em pacin'. With this dog, they slipped a bit of lead in 'is muzzle so he couldn't get his 'ead up." He paused and reflected. "Looks like they didn't shove enough in."

("Lilla, Lilla, to what depths of degradation have I sunk for thee!" cried David's soul in anguish.)

HE lost Shorty for a little while before the next race and took it that, as usual, he was moving about the enclosure nosing out information. When he came back he sidled up to David, and after looking right and left once or twice, whispered in his ear: "Number Five . . . it 's under the arm."

"Under the——?"

"A wrap-up, a steal-away! Why the hell don' you learn to talk English?"

"Sorry," said David humbly. Small though he was, he found Shorty a crushingly dominant person. "I didn't quite understand."

"Oh, that 's aw' right, kid," said Shorty kindly, pressing his arm. "You

David found it beyond his powers to *look* at the race. He merely *heard* it by the shouts of the crowd. While it was going on he whispered a prayer he had learnt on his mother's knee.

just bin reared wrong, that 's all." He pressed his arm again. "Come on, let 's be in."

David found it beyond his powers to *look* at the race. He merely *heard* it by the shouts of the crowd, the remarks of Shorty, and the curses and blessings of the bookmakers. While it was going on he whispered a prayer he had learnt on his mother's knee.

And the prayer was answered!

"Come on, kid," said Shorty, slapping him on his drooping shoulders. "Let 's collect!"

IN a daze, David followed him over to good old "Perce," who, expressionlessly, handed him three clean and crackling pound-notes.

"Thank you, Perce," said David gratefully, feeling in the circumstances he might address him by his Christian name, but found himself corrected.

"I'm not Perce. That 's 'im," the bookmaker said, jerking his head at the Honest Giant. "He's shy, you see, so I shout the odds for 'im."

David's eyes shifted to the Honest Giant. All 6 ft. 6 ins. and 17 stones of him. Shy? Ah, well, there was no accounting for people, he supposed. With the three pound-notes held firmly in his fist and his fist plunged deep down in his trousers-pocket, he passed on to the coffee-stall. He felt a respite from racing was necessary—to repair his badly-frayed nerves, to review the position concerning Lilla's engagement ring. Unknown to her, he had already paid a jeweller a £10 deposit on one, and if he could make another £10 tonight then the ring would be his—and Bill Rivers could go and put his roadster . . .

Of course, there still remained the question whether Lilla would accept the ring; but he thought she would somehow. Lots of men could shoot a line, but it was the fellow who came through with a solid proposal backed up with concrete proof of his love—*i.e.*, a twenty-quid engagement ring—who got the girl in the end. He had read that in a woman's magazine—advice column—and had taken the advice to heart.

As it was, he had been battling under great disadvantages. No car, no money, no decent clothes, what chance had he had against a wealthy good-for-nothing like Bill Rivers? And a girl like Lilla had to be treated right, of course—no chips in paper for *her*.

WHILE he conjectured thus, he heard a snuffling and a scuffling behind him and, looking round, came face to face with the pointed features of the Weasel.

"Oh, hello, Willie," said David jovially, still feeling good with the three pounds in his pocket. And then, proud of the fact he was beginning to pick up the jargon: "Know anything?"

The Weasel sniffled, snuffled and twitched under one eye.

"Maybe."

David thought of the next line. Ah, yes!

"What 's the dope?"

(*Continued on page 74.*)

"David," she said quietly.

"Well?"

"I'm sorry. It 's just dawned on me why you were gambling."

"Oh, it has, has it?"

"Yes. And I apologise."

Illustrations by Edward Osmond.

Capri

(*Left*) The steep, tree-tufted limestone crags of the Island of Capri with the Siren Rocks behind. (*Below*) A party of young men and girls are prepared for the "puti-pu" festival which takes place at the beginning of each year

Chatter, gossip, scandal, rumours, scares—there's no place like an island for the quintet

By Ferdinand Tuohy

WHEN Gracie Fields prefaced the announcement of wedding bells with a song that began, "I'm an Old Goat But I'm So Much in Love with Him," she was in felicitous harmony with Capri. In the original nomenclature—Capreae—the island was called after its wild goats, while "acting the giddy goat" is as good a description as any of cosmopolitan behaviour there during the past three generations.

Very little was heard of Capri between the goings-on of Tiberius in his twelve villas (the old gentleman's Bacchic relaxing has now been watered down by scholarship) and the seventies of last century. A few diverting from the Grand Tour had had tales to tell of a siren isle; Nelson in Naples added to them; yet Capri's one call upon outside notice had been when Sir Hudson Lowe lost it to the French, which led to his demotion to a second isle that brought him lasting notoriety.

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Casket Of

Marie Tempest

Lily Elsie

Letty Lind

NOT so long ago there stood at the corner of Leicester Square, then the very nerve centre of London's pleasure-land and night life, a building of light-coloured stone, with a simple frontage. It made no effort to catch the eye by means of architectural splendour. At night it was devoid of flashing sky signs, or the clamant publicity of multi-coloured neon lights.

Its one concession to the hours of darkness was that it bore its name in lights across its face, or the middle portion thereof, and that its canopy was lit as well. The name which shone for all to see was simple—Daly's.

And strangely enough, although at that time London was a very British city speaking its own tongue with its own native accent, that name was American. For the building which bore it was a theatre which had been built by an Irishman named George Edwardes for a great American impresario named Augustin Daly.

Daly wanted a London home—Edwardes, who although Irish was the quintessence of the West End of London, bearing its major and most popular form of entertainment Atlas-like upon his shoulders—built such a place for him. Daly leased it and gave it his name. He opened it with Shakespeare and a magnificent American actress named Ada Rehan.

Artistically, the venture was a success, financially it was not. Shakespeare, standing in statue form not many yards away, must have pondered as he watched the life of Leicester Square go by him and wondered . . . maybe Edwardes wondered, too, how long it would be before that theatre fell into his hands. Or maybe he knew!

SUCCESS did not bless Augustin Daly, although he deserved it. His productions were impeccable, his casts splendid. But still success did not come although praise was not wanting. Maybe, again, the Theatre was not right for his methods or, maybe yet again, the magic of George Edwardes had got mixed up with the bricks and mortar and that what Daly's Theatre really wanted was—Music.

He soon had a chance to find out. The playhouse had opened in 1893. In the following year Daly went back to New York to do some productions and Edwardes took over the theatre—and put his "hunch" about music into practice. On Boxing Night, 1894, he presented *Hansel and Gretel* with enormous success. Daly came back, but still he could not do it right.

Rutland Barrington

Olive Morell

Mabel Green

By 1895 he had had enough. He went back to the States and George Edwardes entered into the possession of one of the two pillars of his kingdom—the other pillar being the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand. Daly's gave the place its name—but George Edwardes gave it its soul—and that soul was music and especially the waltz.

For Daly's became the home of the waltz when London, when the world, moved in waltz time.

IT became under Edwardes the home of musical plays, of musical comedies—a form of entertainment its great chief had so recently invented at the Gaiety, but they were of different texture altogether.

At the Gaiety, as befitted its name, all was lightness, champagne froth, and sparkle. At Daly's it was of deeper hue, it had body, it had sensuous melody—and above all, it had

Romance

The second article in a series
"Stage Door and Starshine"
By W. MACQUEEN-POPE

Daly's Theatre in Leicester Square opened in 1893. Up the alley and through the stage door went a remarkable collection of women who were the ardent rivals of the Gaiety Girls

Romance. For Daly's became—and remained for years—a casket of romance to all who went there and all who played there. If the Gaiety was champagne, Daly's was vintage burgundy. These twin jewels gleamed in George Edwardes's crown and filled the Victorian and Edwardian nights with a radiance of their own. If the Gaiety was a diamond, Daly's was a lustrous pearl. If the Gaiety had the swish of silk, Daly's had the rich pile of velvet.

Hayden Coffin

Lily Elsie and Joseph Coyne

Robert Michaelis

Success came to Edwardes at once and Daly's became part of the life of London. He started off with a run of musical plays which all achieved great success and whose names to-day cause the eyes of old-timers to brighten and whose music is still familiar and well beloved. *An Artist's Model, A Greek Slave, The Geisha* and *San Toy*—all composed by an Englishman born in Islington whose name was Sidney Jones, whose first success had been a song which sold over a million copies and which is sung still to-day—called "Linger Longer Lou." That had been at the Gaiety.

Now the music of Jones, the libretti of Owen Hall, the lyrics of Percy Greenbank and others swept Daly's to the heights and brought all London to its auditorium. It was all home-made—and it was exported to America in due course and with success.

THE genius of George Edwardes turned what had been an American failure—though a glorious one—into a British victory. Indeed only eleven productions were needed in the first fifteen years of Edwardes's management of Daly's—a fact which speaks for itself.

His amazing genius contributed much, his wonderful judgment, his standard of quality—only the best, the very best, would do for him. He was his own producer and his attention to detail was stupendous. Farren Soutar, a splendid actor, and son of the immortal Nellie Farren herself, forgot his dress studs at a dress rehearsal and used a makeshift which he hoped would get by.

When he arrived the next morning he was handed a small parcel. It was a jeweller's box containing a set of expensive dress studs and a little message from "the Guv'nor"—as everyone called George Edwardes—telling him never to forget again for he would not get another present. Joe Soutar never forgot—has not forgotten yet.

That stage door of Daly's which stood in the passage beside the theatre in a little thoroughfare leading to Lisle Street did indeed see starshine—for through it passed the people, men and women, whose brilliance on the stage did away with the need for a blare of advertisement outside.

They drew the world to see them. They were the pick of the bunch and from their ranks—although then they played in musical shows, despised of highbrows—came some who were to dominate the stage of later years—and one in particular, a Daly's leading lady, singing and dancing in those glittering shows, all the first four of them—was (*Continued on page* 84)

By Curtiss Hamilton

Flowers for the World

(*Above*) A tulip field near Lisse where only canals interrupt miles and miles of fields. (*Left*) Everyone decorates his car or bicycle with thousands of flower heads. (*Below*) Fields of hyacinths, daffodils and tulips are planted with mathematical precision

Holland's entire bulb-growing industry is concentrated in fifty square miles of perfect soil

ALL over the northern hemisphere countless millions of bulbs in gardens and parks have pushed up their green shoots. When the buds burst into flower they will herald the spring with the reds, white, pinks and blues of hyacinths, daffodil yellows ranging from the near-white of farm butter to deep saffron, and the almost infinitely varied palette of the tulips.

The Dutch claim that nine out of ten of the new bulbs blooming for the first time this spring were the produce of Holland.

And when they say "Holland" they mean only a tiny strip of land along the North Sea coast, about fifteen miles long and three miles deep, for although the world thinks of Holland as a land of spring flowers, in fact the entire bulb-raising industry is concentrated in (*Continued on page* 80)

IN the confusion I found myself next to Adele for a second. I didn't mince matters. "We're to be shot in the morning," I whispered

Appointment in Utopia

THE rescue party had me worried from the start. It was bad enough crash-landing in the ugliest bit of country I'd ever seen; but being rescued at the pistol-point made it worse. I'd have felt better about it had I been on my own. Unfortunately, there was Adele.

It was a new experience for her and, judging by the crinkle in the corner of her over-rouged lips, she was enjoying it.

I flashed her warning glances by the dozen. It was wasted effort. Not that she was dumb; she understood right enough. Only she wasn't going to see it my way, and so she deliberately grinned back at me like a schoolgirl at her first big party.

I wished that I could be near enough to give her a sharp kick on her perfect legs; but our rescuers were taking care that we didn't get together.

They were *peons* and their looks suggested that somebody had pumped a strong virus of suspicion into them. The weapons they carried suggested that they'd plundered a museum. And the dark eyes of the half-Indian who led them suggested that he'd like to cut my throat. Apart from that it was a very prompt and efficient rescue.

We were marched along a dusty road through country

By MICHAEL HASTINGS

To crash-land into the middle of a civil war is one thing, but to control Adele was quite another matter...

which was sheer poison. Here and there cactus plants thrust up from the naked ochre like the fingers of petrified giants. On the bare rocks obscenely fat lizards sunned themselves and watched us with incurious eyes.

My idea was that we were in the hands of bandits and I gave myself a headache trying to figure out the ransom sum. I also tried to pray that they were sufficiently civilized to leave my ears intact. Looking at the half-Indian made me doubtful; but Adele had different ideas. She knew how to load her glances with appeal.

Watching her, I wished again that I could be within kicking distance. I vowed that if ever I escaped from this sticky spot I'd never act as pilot to a million-dollar playgirl again.

Just then my bandit theory got blown sky-high, for we came round a bend in the road to a sort of check post. There was a flimsy barrier, like amateurish rustic work, which a baby car could have smashed to matchwood.

There was an orange flag flying and two sleepy-looking sentries were on guard. They cleared the way, sluggishly; then put their guns down to roll cigarettes. When I looked back I saw they hadn't bothered to replace the barrier. The orange flag gave me a clue; I'd heard rumours over the border. We'd crash-landed into a civil war, and were in the hands of the rebels. I wanted to call out to Adele; but I restrained myself. It would only cause trouble and, anyway, she'd be thrilled to bits. Confound her!

So I tried to forget Adele and to concentrate on the immediate position. Walking has never been one of my favourite pastimes and I was relieved to discover indications that

"YOU see," she explained calmly, "he's English. They always try to make a thing sound as good as possible. The truth of the matter is that we faked the accident"

we were nearing the end of the journey. We were approaching a *colonia*, or farm. On either side of the road were fields, where the soil had been scratched in a feeble attempt at cultivation.

There were no workers in sight. I guessed that they'd been armed and were stationed up at the buildings ahead. These were set on a hill and there was a steep climb to a ridge which was lined with stunted trees. Emplacements for machine-guns, and a trench would have made this ridge an almost impregnable defence post; but when we climbed to it I saw there was only a rough bench in the shade, and four uniformed soldiers asleep on it.

Beyond the trees was a cluster of white buildings. The dust was rising in clouds as horses were taken across the square yard round which they were placed. I noticed a number of cars, caked with the grime of travel. Our half-Indian leader hurried forward and I edged nearer to one of the *peon* guards. He was a fat, merry-eyed fellow, the only one who seemed really human. I felt he wouldn't be able to resist talking. Fortunately, I had a smattering of Spanish. I asked him where we were.

"This is the headquarters of General Lola," he said proudly. "Very soon he will be the President. It is a pity señor, you will not be able to attend the celebrations. As you are spies, you will be shot in the morning. The last man I shot had a silver watch. Tell me, señor, have you a silver watch? I will see that you have a swift, merciful death if you give it to me. You see, I collect watches. I have seven; but, unfortunately, there is one which doesn't go. I was swindled over that. You would think that a man who was about to die would be honest, wouldn't you?"

I gulped. I felt that I was

(*Continued on page* 60)

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

By Guy Livingston

(*Left*) A thatcher at work with his trimming knife. He exercises skill and technique deeply rooted in the past yet adjusted to new requirements. (*Below*) A round knife is used for the cutting of a cart-horse collar "throat" out of sheepskin. In most districts peculiarities in local style keep the craft keen and to a large extent dependent on the local master saddler. (*Bottom*) The heated steel tyre rim is carried by tongs to the platform on which the wooden wheel has been placed. After having been hammered into position, contraction causes the wheel to be tightly drawn together

Britain's vital rural crafts, frequently overshadowed by the great urban industries, are now being greatly fostered and revived

Britain's Other Industries

ASK the average Briton what "industry" suggests to him and he will probably talk about coalmines, shipyards and factory chimneys belching smoke over the blackened roofs of the big manufacturing towns. And, of course, he will be right, but not entirely right; for he will have forgotten the little country industries, the small workshops of the rural craftsmen who still ply their important and ancient trades, using country products and serving country needs.

These rural workers—the blacksmiths, potters, basket-makers, fence- and hurdle-makers, saddlers, wheelwrights, builders and boat-builders, agricultural engineers, brick- and tile-makers, masons, thatchers and the rest—all (except agricultural engineers) exercise skills and techniques deeply rooted in the past yet adjusted to new requirements. Operating mostly in small units, they conform to no mass-production pattern and most of their products show a careful individual workmanship none too common in this machine age.

Two centuries of drift to the towns and factories having left only twenty per cent of our population as country-dwellers, it is not surprising that the crafts that once flourished in every village and country centre should have decayed. Some went because they were (*Continued on page* 82)

Echo was as lovely as any, with a light, enchanting body that made her fleet in the chase when she followed Diana the huntress, a gay smile and sprightly humour.

OLD TALES RETOLD.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

This legend from the dawn of history, tells of Echo's meeting with Narcissus in the forest—of her hopeless love for him, and of how, finally, he is drawn into a pool, lured by his own image . . .

NO tale in ancient myth and legend is more tender and touching than that of Echo, an Oread mountain nymph, and the comely youth Narcissus. Of the nymphs and dryads who haunted the forests, Echo was as lovely as any, with a light, enchanting body that made her fleet in the chase when she followed Diana the huntress, a gay smile and sprightly humour.

But she prattled. She was so full of the joy of life and the beauty of secret places that she couldn't repress her amusing chatter. She prattled away to Juno, queen of heaven and earth, when that jealous goddess was much concerned about her husband Jupiter's frolics with errant nymphs in the nearby glades—for even gods must have their amorous follies.

By the time Echo had finished the nymphs had fled, laughing, out of her reach, and Juno thought: this was a trick of Echo's to keep me occupied, so that I could not punish them. Furious, she turned on Echo and said:

"Henceforth the tongue that has cheated me shall be in thrall. No more may you speak as you wish, from your own mind. You may only repeat the last words that others speak."

"*That others speak*," sighed Echo, for the spell was already upon her.

So she became a sad and lonely nymph, echoing the mournful rustlings of the forest, the songs of birds, and having no more merriment in her than a hollow reed. One day she saw there the youth Narcissus, and thought him, with his golden hair, beautiful eyes and mouth and lithe body, the fairest she had ever beheld. Instantly she fell in love with him and knew that she must win his love in return or die.

But he was not as other youths. There was a self-regarding pride in his beauty which made him intolerant. When other nymphs of the forest had shown love for him he turned from them with scorn, and even with the young men who sought his friendship he was cold and aloof. His mother had once asked the Theban seer, Tiresias, if her son would have a long life, and he replied : " Only if he never sees himself."

FROM the moment Echo saw him she became his shadow, following him from tree to tree, haunting the paths he took, hiding in the undergrowth whenever he rested in the shade.

How she longed to call to him, to tell him of her love with soft words ! But she could never speak them, she could utter no sound unless he spoke first. She could only watch and wait, feasting her eyes on a beauty that stirred and tormented her, herself unseen, unheard.

Until one day, when he became separated from his fellow-hunters in the chase, and wandered into a still place and heard the rustle of feet among the leaves.

" Who is here ? " he called, startled.

" *Here . . .*" repeated Echo.

Peering into the shadows but seeing no one, he called again : " Come, then, come ! "

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

He bent over the crystal water to drink, half-smiling, and a face of irresistible beauty smiled back at him.

" *Come . . .*" Echo answered, with all her longing in the word.

Still she was only a voice, a shadow, tantalisingly near, yet far.

" Why is it you avoid me ? " he demanded.

" *You avoid me . . .*" she mocked.

" Come, let us meet here ! "

" *Meet here,*" she replied, and the joy in the words drew her from the shady thicket. She went towards him, in all her shy loveliness, her arms outstretched to take him to her heart. But he recoiled. A nymph ! And nymphs he had long forsworn, though this one spoke his own words, it might almost be with his own voice.

" Away from me ! " he cried, fleeing from her in horror. " Rather would I die than let you have me ! "

" *Die . . . than let you have me . . .*" came tremblingly from Echo's lips. Then, as he vanished and the woodland became still again, she sank to the ground, shamed by his scorn, grief-stricken, covering her face with her hands, burying it in a mound of soft leaves. Only the echo of his own words mattered to him. She, with her love, was nothing, nothing.

Consumed and ashen from his hopeless love, he wasted away as she had done, languishing on the mossy bank until death came.

SHE had loved the sport of the chase, the gay dances of the forest nymphs when they joined in revels and were pursued by laughing fauns into the shady undergrowth. Now these knew her no more. She wandered alone with her grief into the dark forest depths, the rocky ravines and caverns and mountain solitudes, where the only voices she was doomed to echo were those of sighing branches and windy hollow and roaring cataract, attuned to her mournful heart. The pain she suffered wore her away ; her fair body wasted until she was no more than a ghost-voice in the wilderness, disembodied. The nymphs and youths and maidens could hear her everywhere but never see her. " That is Echo," they

Echo became his shadow, following him from tree to tree, haunting the paths he took, hiding in the undergrowth wherever he rested.

would say, calling out with hands cupped to mouths and hearing their own voices come back to them with a sadness that was not in them before.

Long ago a nymph whose love Narcissus rejected had prayed to the goddess of love: "Oh, punish him, who scorns happiness. Let him fall in love, as I with him, yet never gain that love!" Others whom he had scorned prayed that Nemesis overtake him, and their prayer was heard.

HOT and fatigued from the chase one day, he came to a clear pool deep in the forest. Here he would rest his tired limbs on the mossy bank and quench his thirst. He bent over the crystal water to drink, half-smiling, and a face of irresistible beauty smiled back at him. What eyes and lips, what comely features, what bright hair as of a sun-god!

Entranced, he hovered there motionless, catching his breath. Could this be a nymph, a naiad, lovelier than any he had ever seen, with more than the feminine beauty he had despised? A goddess of the woods, yet with all the attributes of a god, too?

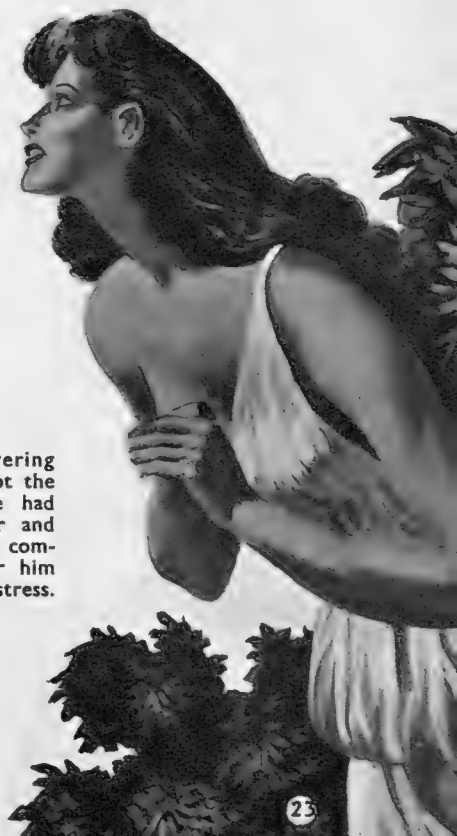
He plunged his arms into the water to clasp the vision, and at once it blurred and vanished. When the water was still again it returned, to lure and taunt him. When he drew back, the image drew back, too.

He was captivated, nonplussed. Slowly, hesitantly, he stooped to touch the lips with his own. Nearer came the eager face, but at the moment of triumph and ecstasy all he felt was the touch of chill water; the image trembled, rippled into nothingness, and he was alone with the overshadowing trees, the haunting stillness of this woodland dell.

But there! there it was again, reflecting his own pained puzzlement.

IT gave him no peace, no rest. Enthralled by love of it, he could not keep away from the pool day or night. He peered into it when it shone with the sun like a bright shield, and when it was silvered by moonlight, and when it was dark with mysterious shadow, and only the eyes gleamed in the still depths. Now he pleaded, cajoled, begged the gods to have pity on him.

"Is anyone," he lamented, "more luckless in love than I? I see what most I desire, but cannot grasp it. When I smile, this other whom I love smiles. When I am sad, this other is sad. When



Echo, hovering near, forgot the sorrow he had caused her and felt a deep compassion for him in his distress.

I weep, this other weeps also. Only this still water separates us. Yet always this other escapes me. Alas, alas, I love in vain, in vain, in vain ! "

And when tears of frustration blurred the surface with faint ripples, he cried out : " Oh, do not go, do not go, do not leave me again ! "

And Echo, hovering near, a voice-wraith in the silence, no more, forgot the sorrow he had caused her and felt a deep compassion for him in his distress. " *Alas, alas !*" she sighed with him, and " *In vain, in vain, in vain . . .*" and " *Leave me again . . . again . . .*" She would have gone to him, comforted him, but now she was nought but a spirit, and would he, Narcissus, heed anything but the image in the pool—his own ?

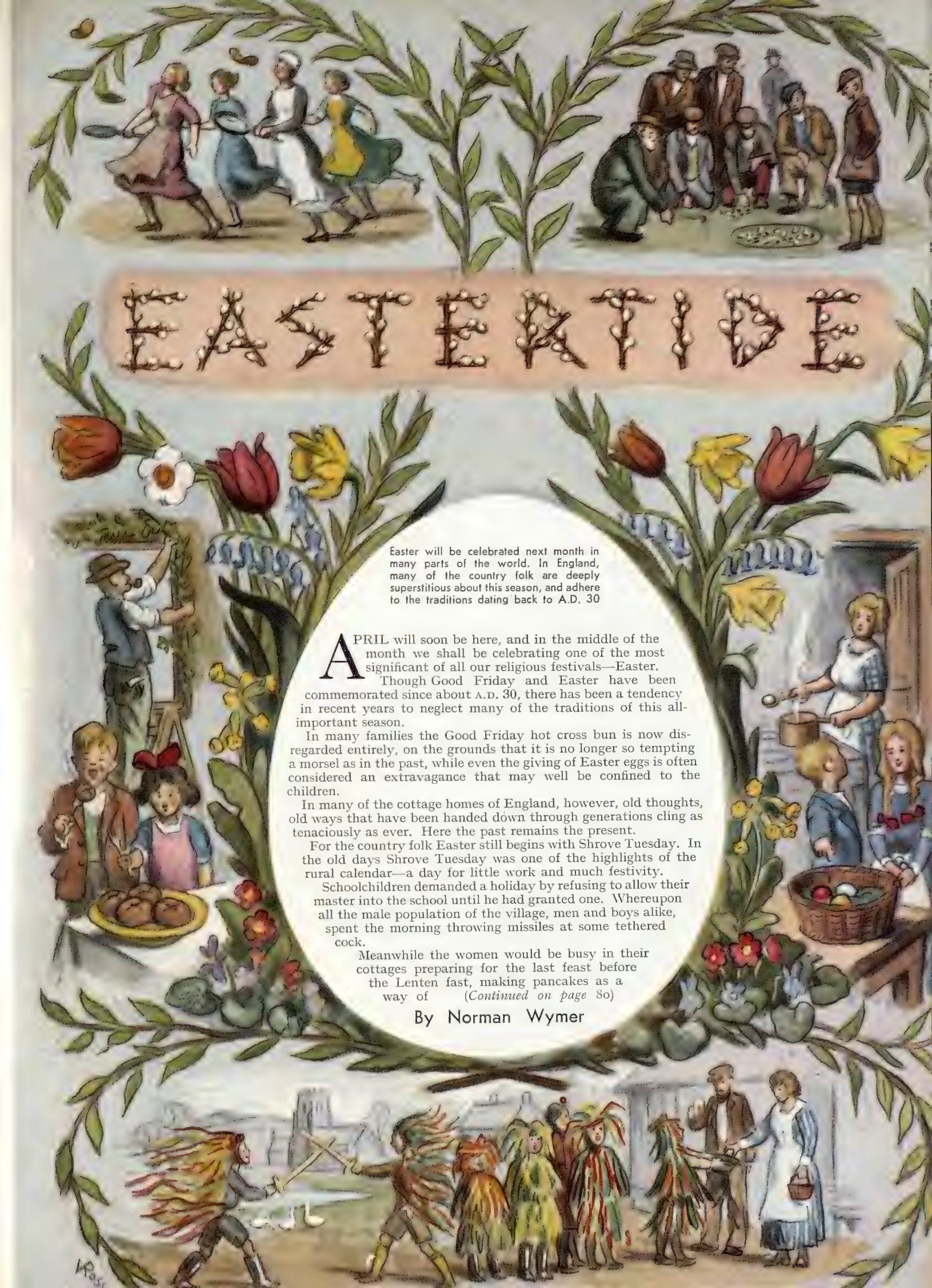
Consumed and ashen from his hopeless love, he wasted away as she had done, languishing on the mossy bank until Death came and closed for ever the wondrous eyes that had fulfilled the seer's prophecy and wrought his doom. The forest nymphs and naiads mourned the dead youth. Even those he had rebuffed forgot their anger. And as their lamentations filled the glades, Echo answered them, faithful to the last, in sorrow as in joy.

Solemnly they built a funeral pyre of twigs and boughs, but when they came with their torches, more like priestesses than nymphs, in measured, downcast procession, they could find the body of Narcissus nowhere. Instead, on the brink of the pool where it had lain, was a delicate flower, white-petalled, gold-centred, drooping over its own reflection in the water.

By
ARNOLD WAREING.

A myth, a legend, from the world's dawn when sylphs and godlike youths haunted the primeval forest and the gods themselves sometimes left their lofty thrones to mingle with earth-mortals. Yet in the annals of love, how often has Echo pined for vain, proud, self-sufficing Narcissus, herself become a shadow, and seen her love dwindle to a memory, a flower ?

On the brink of the pool where his body had lain was a delicate, white-petalled, gold-centred flower.



EASTERTIDE

Easter will be celebrated next month in many parts of the world. In England, many of the country folk are deeply superstitious about this season, and adhere to the traditions dating back to A.D. 30

APRIL will soon be here, and in the middle of the month we shall be celebrating one of the most significant of all our religious festivals—Easter.

Though Good Friday and Easter have been commemorated since about A.D. 30, there has been a tendency in recent years to neglect many of the traditions of this all-important season.

In many families the Good Friday hot cross bun is now disregarded entirely, on the grounds that it is no longer so tempting a morsel as in the past, while even the giving of Easter eggs is often considered an extravagance that may well be confined to the children.

In many of the cottage homes of England, however, old thoughts, old ways that have been handed down through generations cling as tenaciously as ever. Here the past remains the present.

For the country folk Easter still begins with Shrove Tuesday. In the old days Shrove Tuesday was one of the highlights of the rural calendar—a day for little work and much festivity.

Schoolchildren demanded a holiday by refusing to allow their master into the school until he had granted one. Whereupon all the male population of the village, men and boys alike, spent the morning throwing missiles at some tethered cock.

Meanwhile the women would be busy in their cottages preparing for the last feast before the Lenten fast, making pancakes as a way of (*Continued on page* 80)

By Norman Wymer

Grandma and

A short old unfailing

THE plum tree stood in Grandma's back garden. It had been there for years when, after my grandfather's death, she bought and moved into the cottage. It was a fine big tree, healthy and well-grown, and every spring, when it simply exploded into bloom, an arresting and eye-filling sight.

But it had one shortcoming—it never bore any fruit worth mentioning.

Grandma never complained about that, however. The picture it made every spring, she always said, was reward enough for the little care it got; and if the Lord saw fit to withhold its bearing, who was she to question His purposes? Not, from some points of view, a very practical attitude, but Grandma was more devout than horticultural minded.

So there it grew, one of the crowding phenomena of my childhood, though not markedly different, I suppose, from a million others of its kind all over Scotland. And yet, as I see it now, like no other tree anywhere in the world. . . .

I was eleven that spring and a convalescent from scarlet fever when I went to Ardarch to spend a few days with Grandma. Aunt Hetty, Grandma's youngest, had left now to take up nursing and the old lady was alone. But as she met me at the station there was nothing in her lean, grim face to tell of her pleasure at seeing me or of her relief at having someone of her own to share her lonely state. Just the same, I knew the pleasure was there, and recognized the little cuffing movement with which she straightened my rumpled forelock for the caress it actually was. And, strange though it may seem, I was as happy to be with her as she was to have me.

AT the cottage, she fed me, gleaned what few scraps of news about home I was able to give her, and then, with characteristic abruptness, picked up a half-filled laundry basket and marched out of the back door. Left to myself, I sat looking with contentment around the small, cheery kitchen—the wide tiled

the plum tree

but delightful story of an woman's belief in the justice of the good Lord

Short Story by John Tait

Illustration by Pauline Baynes

range, the row of burnished copper pots, the gaily coloured and spotless linoleum. But I was too young to remain inactive and, presently, I got up and followed her into the bright spring sunlight.

I found her at the clothes line in the back garden, her basket nearly empty. The air was full of the smell of growing things and the plum tree, I saw with a lift of pleasure, was resplendent in billowing masses of bloom. I was still looking up at it with the rapt, wondering eyes of childhood when Grandma, having pegged her last piece of wash, came over to my side.

"Aye, a bonnie, bonnie sight," she said. "Only the Lord, Duncan, could make a thing so pleasin' to the eye."

"Foosh!" said a voice behind us. "Hev ye never been in an art gallery, mem?"

I glanced around. Above the low stone wall that divided Grandma's back garden from the property next door, I saw the torso of a stout man of about sixty, clean-shaven and with the butt of a cigar screwed into the (*Continued on page* 58)

THE World's Worst STORY

Behind the highly coloured story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is an even stranger tale of the authoress's own life

JUST one hundred years ago, in 1852, a dowdy, middle-aged woman was wondering if the story she had written would earn her enough to buy a silk dress.

It did. It earned her a fortune and world fame. Made many publishers rich. Set her on a career in which she was called an angel without wings—and a devil without disguise. Started the American Civil War. And freed the slaves of the Southern states.

For the story was *Uncle Tom's Cabin—or Life Among the Lowly* by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the wife of a colourless clergyman, the mother of seven children and the most abused woman of her century.

Behind the book's highly coloured story is an even stranger tale of the authoress's own life.

Born on June 14, 1811, Harriet Beecher was the seventh child in a family of seven brothers and five sisters. Her father was the foremost preacher in America, a thundering orator, ecclesiastical dignitary, head of a seminary, and founder of America's temperance movement.

On his first wife, Lyman Beecher sired nine children : on his second wife, three : and then he married again in his old age. He saw every one of his sons become preachers or professors of religion, his daughters married well or, as with Catherine, his first-born, remain a spinster and rise to be an authority on education.

All this magnificence, this family talent for genius, was early and self-evident—except for Harriet.

She was, indeed, an ugly duckling in the proud Beecher brood. As a child it would be an understatement to label her "difficult." She had no gift for friendship, she was moody, she felt herself neglected, she thought she would die young, she was frequently depressed to dangerous black depths, she was small, she was not pretty, she was envious of other girls' gaiety and friendships and young men. For Harriet in all her life never had a boy-friend !

Her husband was never that. Their acquaintance passed to something slightly warmer (*Continued on page* 68)

By RICHARD PARSONS

With patched, worn clothes on her return journey to the Eastern states, she and the children were taken for vagrants

The Masterpiece

By BARBARA GOOLDEN

MARTITA glanced at him with envious admiration. "I can't say I agree with you," she said, and, nodding at the opposite wall, added "Is that the Sebastiano del Piombo?"

THE house had a strange, impersonal look; the dark, old-fashioned rooms were oddly tidy; the windows were open to the dull, grey square, and only a faint, sickly smell of lilies lingered on the stairs. In the narrow, tiled hall was a little huddle of chrysanthemum petals, and on the coat stand lay a crumpled twist of wire bearing a torn, black-edged card.

It was a house without an owner, and in the dim dining-room were gathered six guests without a host.

"Well," said Bartram, the eldest cousin, "Uncle Ughtred had a very good innings any way. Eighty-four, and—apart from his sight—pretty hale up to the last." He was a short, rosy man with very wide shoulders and inadequate legs. By profession a successful doctor, he regarded his fellow creatures with a rather cheerful and slightly inhuman detachment.

"He was wonderfully independent," sighed Martita. She was anxious to be fair. "Going every day by tube to the club at his age! He used to get quite testy if I ever suggested that he should take a cab." And, with a plump woman's easy emotionalism, her pale blue eyes became damp.

"He liked to pretend," declared Peregrine, "that he could see as well as the rest of us. Poor old boy!" And a mild compassion informed his round, cherubic face. His high, benevolent forehead was sunburnt and healthy.

Bartram looked at him. "Been writing anything lately, Perry?"

The author smiled gently. "A little thing on the decay of English morals. That's all."

"Do such books *sell* nowadays?" asked Tancred, the youngest cousin. He was a stout little parson with a fixed frown and steel spectacles.

"Not for a moment," Viola, the unmarried cousin, assured him. Unlike the others she was tall and gaunt. A sardonic tolerance shone from her fine dark eyes.

"Money," muttered Mr. Sparrow, the long, thin family lawyer, "is tight."

"And where have you been hiding yourself all the winter, Viola?" asked Bartram.

"Italy," she said.

Tancred stooped to pick up Peregrine's dropped coffee spoon. "Painting?"

Viola nodded. "You don't think I travel for pleasure?"

"You're a lucky woman anyway," said Martita who lived at Ealing.

"Lucky? I don't see why. What an extraordinary idea."

It was a typical family gathering—a gathering to hear the reading of the will; and as so frequently happens on occasions such as this, a surprise awaited them all

"I think Peregrine's lucky too," persisted Martita, "all he has to do is to take a pen and paper, and live where he pleases."

"Ridiculous," interrupted Bartram. "Viola and Perry have to work as hard as the rest of us. For my part I fail to see the advantages of not having a *pied à terre*."

"It wouldn't suit me," said Mr. Sparrow.

"Nor me," said Tancred. He had a large parish in South London, a dilapidated vicarage, a hearty wife and a large family; his air was one of considerable exhaustion.

"Of course we've never been able to travel because of the children's education," said Martita.

"I should have thought travel was a necessary part of it," said Viola.

Her cousin glanced at her reproachfully. Viola, at forty, looked slim and vital; she had never married and therefore did not possess three fat daughters at Cheltenham Ladies' College. It was a little unfair. Of course now that he was dead it did not do to criticize poor Uncle Ughtred, but really it was a pity he had taken such a fancy to his younger niece. He had often had her to stay with him, and had even taken her away with him, one spring, to Florence.

Martita sighed at the recollection. That was the Easter they had all gone to Folkestone, that very *wet* Easter, and afterwards there had been all that excitement about Uncle Ughtred's Sebastiano del Piombo which he had bought during his travels.

Martita arrested the tide of slightly resentful recollection. Tancred was looking hungrily at the cold ham and salad, arranged upon six plates, placed at intervals on the large dining table.

"I assume," he said, "that this—collation—is for our benefit, and, since I gather that we are all more or less pressed for time. . . ."

Bartram smiled a little unkindly, and sat down at the head of the table.

PEREGRINE hovered by the sideboard. "Claret," he murmured. "So far as *I* know, Uncle Ughtred never drank it."

Viola laughed. "How right you are."

Martita's comfortable voice dropped. "Brandy?"

"Or whisky. He drank heavily but he was never drunk." And, looking at the others, Viola added, rather truculently perhaps: "I liked the old man, you know."

"Quite, oh, quite," said Mr. Sparrow.

"Of course," said Bartram helping himself to pickles.

"Undoubtedly he had his merits," said Tancred.

"He was very fond of dogs, I know," said Martita.

"He was always very nice to me," said Peregrine.

Viola raised a dark eyebrow, while the others looked at him suspiciously.

"To be quite frank," said Bartram, "I don't think the old man cared a damn for any of us."

Whereupon the rest looked both relieved and resentful, and a silence fell, broken only by Martita apologizing for the luncheon.

"It was the best I could do," she said. "I got the things at the Stores, and the account is to be sent direct to Mr. Sparrow's office. I'm afraid there's only cheese and biscuits to follow. I somehow felt that a trifle wasn't quite suitable after a funeral you know."

"Help yourself to salad, Sparrow," said Peregrine.

"Thanks," said the solicitor gloomily. He raised his mild and yellow face to say: "It's sad your uncle never married."

"In the circumstances," said Bartram cheerfully, "I can't say I agree."

"You're feeling optimistic, are you?" asked Viola.

"My dear girl," he retorted, "all sentiment apart, each of us knows that if his estate is divided into equal parts we'll all of us get precious little, but there's this picture. . . ."

"Precisely," said Tancred, "one gathers it will be sold at Christies. . . ."

"*Really?*" said Martita, her eyes goggling "*really?*"

"It is possible, of course," said Peregrine, "that he may have preferred to bestow it upon one of us, not so much as a token of affection, but rather as an act of caprice."

"He was very fond of you, Viola," sighed Martita.

"True," murmured Tancred, "too true."

"Of me? I was useful," said Viola. (*Continued on page* 64).

Illustrations
By
Frank Lea

WIPING his spectacles, he drew the papers towards him, and began to read in his smooth, unemotional voice. Martita, fixing pleading eyes upon his lean, uneventful face, was lost in the confusion of legal luminosity

Honour Yo

It will not take you long to learn
your partners, and follow the

By Mary and

SQUARE-DANCING has returned to Britain! We say "returned" because, like most things that date from the days of the early pioneers, the folk dances of the United States are directly derived from those brought to the Colonies by the settlers from the Old World.

To-day, the square-dance is to the United States what country dancing is to England. It is the most popular type of early American dance, but there are also reels, polkas, schottisches and waltzes which we still do. All of these have the flavour of their European background as well as the vigour of the new and difficult pioneers' life to which they were adapted more than two centuries ago.

The square-dance is so-called because the dancers—four couples—always form a square to begin, one couple facing each of the four walls of the room. The earliest dances of this sort were probably the French *quadrilles* and Spanish *caudrilla* which were formed in the same way. Four couples also comprise the Scottish eightsome reels of yesterday and to-day.

TWO most American aspects of this very old type of dance are that there is a "caller," and that the dancers themselves are noisy. The caller—or leader—sings or chants along with the music to prompt the dancers. A good caller has his own peculiar humorous patter which he includes with directions for the steps.

The dancers, even when they are waiting their turn to do a figure, stamp their feet and clap their hands loudly in time with the music. Square-dancing, then, is both recreation and moderately stimulating exercise. It is not, and never has been, a spectator sport. A professional dancer would shudder at the participants' noisy enthusiasm. But it is certainly spectacular—it is not meant to be watched but to be done.

The extras—the straw hat and the corn behind your ears, or even the colourful checkered shirt and blue jeans, the peasant blouse and dirndl skirt—aren't necessary in the least. What is important when you take part, whether you are young or old, is that you are as comfortable as you possibly can be, and that you enjoy yourself. With that in mind, we suggest wearing rubber-soled shoes, with moderately low heels. And be prepared to be warm, soon after the first dance. The spontaneous nature of this kind of dancing lends itself to shirt sleeves.

* * *

And now to begin—for the best way to learn to square-dance is to do one. Following is the call, the music and the illustrated figures for one of our favourites. This is a dance that you can all understand and enjoy. The music is already familiar. Choose another one of your group, a good dancer with a good voice, as the caller. Find a room with at least a fourteen foot square of open space. Then make up your square as shown in the illustrations, listen for the call and get ready to do:

HINKEY DINKEY PARLEZ VOUS

Honours (as instructed by your caller, before each dance starts): Bow to your partners first, then to the girl on the left (for the girls, the "corner" is the gentleman on the right). The piano gives two chords on which to bow.

Allemande Left: Extend your left hand to your corners, walk completely around them counter-clockwise and meet your own partner with your right hand.

Grand Right and Left: This is the same as a grand chain: right hand to your partner, pass right shoulders with her and go on to the next lady with your left hand, passing left shoulders with her. Men move counter-clockwise and girls clockwise. On you

Head Girls Forward

Head Girls Do-si-Do

HINKEY, DINKEY,

Honour your partner, honour your corner

1. *Allemande left your corners all, parlez vous,*
   Grand right and left around the hall, through and through,
   When you meet her, what do you do,
   Promenade her home, two by two, Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.
2. *Head two girls go forward and bow, parlez vous,*
   Same two girls do-si-do, parlez vous,
   Do-si-do your corners all, do-si-do your partners all,
   Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.
3. *Swing your partner round and round, parlez vous,*
   And promenade around the town, parlez vous,
   Promenade eight, promenade all,
   Places all and hear my call, Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.
4. *Side two girls go forward and bow, parlez vous,*
   Same two girls do-si-do, parlez vous,
   Do-si-do your corners all, do-si-do

Promenade

Allemande Left

Grand Right and Left

ur Partners

the Square Dance if you take instructions given below

Norman Michie

go around the ring, alternating with right and left hands, until you meet your partner on the other side of the square.

Promenade: When you meet her, turn her about halfway and proceed in the promenade position with her, counter-clockwise, around the square until you return again to your home position. Bow to your partner there.

Head Two Girls Forward and Bow: The head girls (as shown in the illustration) walk four steps forward towards each other, bow and retreat to their own places.

Same Girls Do-si-do: The head girls move forward again, with arms folded, pass right shoulders in the centre of the ring, move around each other back to back, and retreat, passing left shoulders, back to place.

Do-si-Do Partners

Do-si-Do Corners

Do-si-do Corners: Everyone does the above figure with his corner, but on the sides of the ring rather than the centre as above.

Do-si-do Partners: Repeat the above move with your own partner, again on the side of the ring, stopping in your own place when you're finished.

Swing: Partners place right feet close together and take a regular dance position. Push yourself around as if you were on a scooter, moving smoothly in a clockwise direction. Pivot on your right foot—push with your left foot. Lean well back for the best swing, and avoid "pumping" as much as possible. There's time to go around four times.

Promenade: Turn your partner into the promenade position, gentlemen, and move all the way around the square in a counter-clockwise circle, back to your own place. Bow to her there again.

The rest of the dance is self-explanatory. The side girls, or those in couples number two and four in the illustrations, repeat exactly what the head girls have done. Then everyone repeats the do-si-do, both with corners and partners, the swing and the promenade. At that point you go back to the first figure again, the allemande left and the grand right and left, followed by the promenade when you meet your partner, back to your places in the set. This marks the half-way point of the dance. Gentlemen, remember always to put your lady on your right when you return "home" and if there's time, to bow to her at the end of a swing or promenade.

Then the head boys do what the head girls first did, followed by everyone doing the do-si-do, the swing and the promenade. The side boys then do what the head boys did, and everyone repeats the do-si-do, swing and promenade. As soon as you're back in your home position, get ready for the allemande left and the grand right and left. Meet your partner for the last time on the other side of the ring, promenade home with her, and then bow at the end.

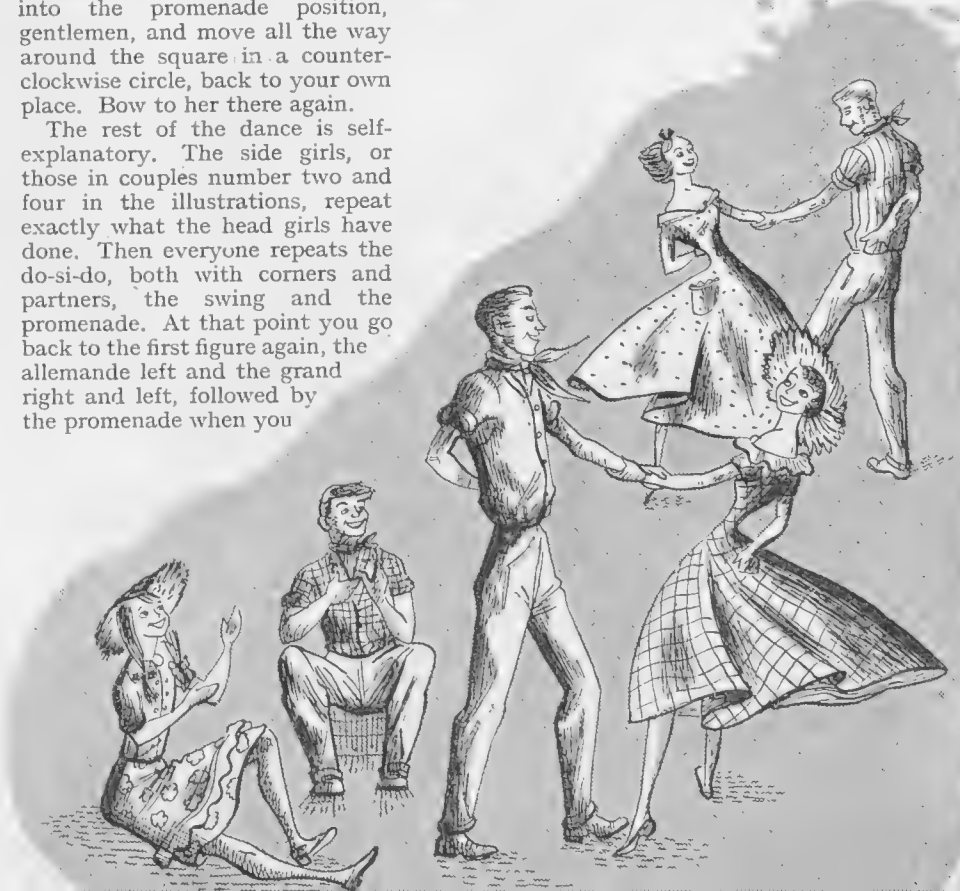
Swing

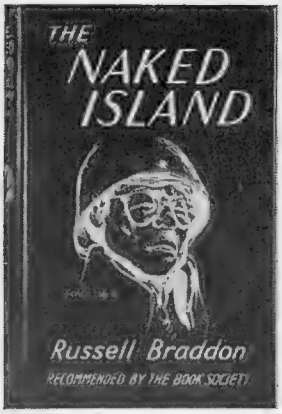
The Square

PARLEZ VOUS

Your partners all, Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.

5. *Repeat paragraph 3.*
6. *Repeat paragraph 1.*
7. *Head two boys go forward and bow, parlez vous,*
   Head two boys do-si-do, parlez vous,
   Do-si-do your corners all, do-si-do your
   Partners all, Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous
8. *Repeat paragraph 3.*
9. *Side two boys go forward and bow, parlez vous,*
   Same two boys do-si-do, parlez vous,
   Do-si-do your corners all, do-si-do your partners all,
   Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.
10. *Repeat paragraph 3.*
11. *Allemande left your corners all, parlez vous,*
    Grand chain eight around the hall, through and through
    Meet your partner, what do you do,
    Take her home and take off her shoe,
    Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.

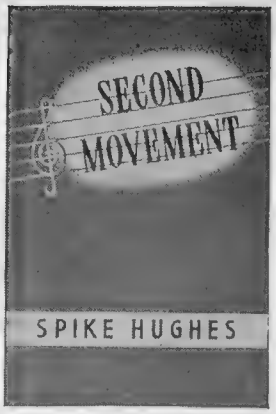




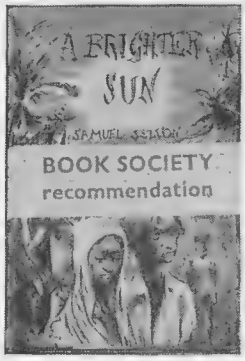
PANZER GENERAL

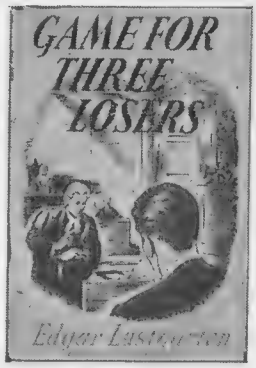
CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART in a foreword calls General Heinz Guderian's **"Panzer Leader"** (Michael Joseph, 35s.), "the fullest, most factual and most revealing personal account of the war from the German side that has yet emerged." His was the brain behind the armoured *blitzkrieg* in Poland, France, Russia. He describes the creation of the new force, its campaigns and battles, which are illustrated with tactical maps.

The book is also a revelation of the militarist mind and its reactions to Hitler, which changed radically with the fortunes of war and produced one violent quarrel. Guderian, however, would have nothing to do with the 1944 assassination plot because "murder in any form" was against his Christian principles ! One can only say, reading the pitiable disclosures : God save us from "men of the people" with outsize egos who achieve peak power, from panzer generals whose Christian scruples do not preclude the mass-slaughter of neighbouring peoples in a diabolical war of conquest. Indeed, a "most revealing" personal testament of historical significance.



Books:





Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

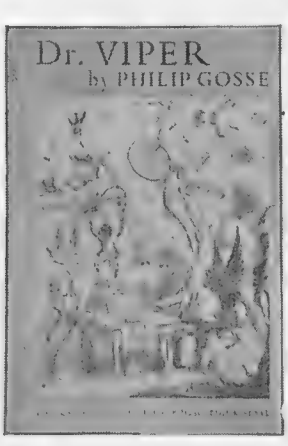
IT is difficult to associate the gentle radio voice of Spike Hughes with a double-bass, but it was that sombre instrument—inherited from a friend—which launched him on the world of music. He noted that bass-players in dance bands were thought to have done a day's work if they plucked two notes in a bar, and decided : here was an easy way of making money. It was also, he found, an easy way of getting sore fingers; and he wasn't flattered when he asked a famous band-leader's manager, what about writing some music for his bands? and received the reply: "Music? I thought you said you were a bass-player, old man." His revenge was to become "Britain's Best Bassist," make suitable groans at the Café de Paris (even asleep or drunk), run his own band and compose his own jazz for Decca, write 600 pages of orchestration for Noël Coward's *Words and Music*, cross to New York, meet the best Harlem hot-jazzers, also Toscanini. For a hot-jazzer himself, he writes with a nice cool humour of a packed, varied, diverting life in "Second Movement" (Museum Press, 16s.).

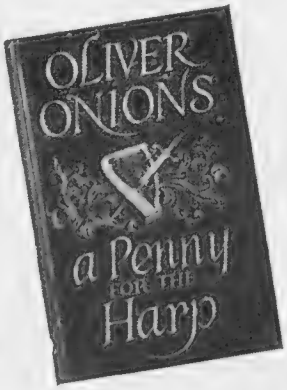
PHILIP THICKNESSE, eighteenth-century eccentric, never played the double-bass; he did all his own groaning as "the world's most quarrelsome man." A learned physician called him "A Man of Wrath." Lord Mountgarret said he was a "boisterous ruffian, a poor, crafty, superannuated lunatic" and "by no means a real gentleman." Philip Gosse in "Dr. Viper" (Cassell, 21s.) says he "wrote down and published all his squabbles without the least regard for the law of libel or . . . common decency." But he went to Georgia with John Wesley, fought as a captain in Jamaica against the landowners' runaway slaves, was Lieut.-Governor of Landguard Fort, discovered Gainsborough, and, when he drove abroad, would mount his monkey Jocko on the horse, dressed as a postillion. In short, a perfect subject for an amusing and at times exciting biography.

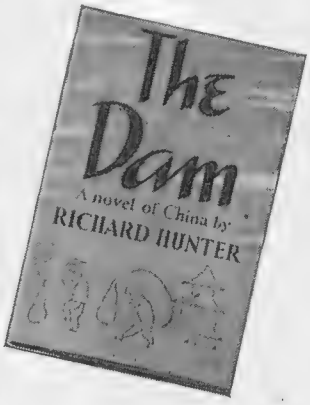
IN these days the libel law would quickly have taken the venom out of Dr. Viper; and if you would know what a wonderful thing English law is, how it has evolved in the various Courts, I recommend Bernard O'Donnell's "Cavalcade of Justice" (Clerke & Cockeran, 15s.). He illustrates historical procedure with typical cases, for general reader as well as law student.

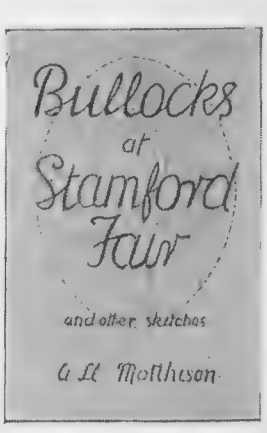
THE only law governing the Jap prison camps seems to have been that of the jungle. Russell Braddon, an Aussie ranker who fought in Malaya, gives a graphic first-hand account of life —and death—at Puda Jail, Kuala Lumpur and Changi, Singapore, in "The Naked Island" (Werner Laurie, 15s.), and the "bashings," bullyings and other brutalities afford a clue to the present Australian attitude now that those charming Nips are up and doing again as undercutters and undersellers in the world's honourable markets. My sympathies are all with him and his comrades who had to bear the brunt of it, and I urge you to read his honest, revealing book, with Ronald Searle's vivid on-the-spot drawings.

AN island with happier memories is described in V. A. Firsoff's "Arran with Camera and Sketchbook" (Hale, 18s.) which surveys its natural beauties, history, geology, folklore, economics, climbing facilities and wild life. This comprehensive study—the first, it is claimed, for over (*Continued on page* 60)



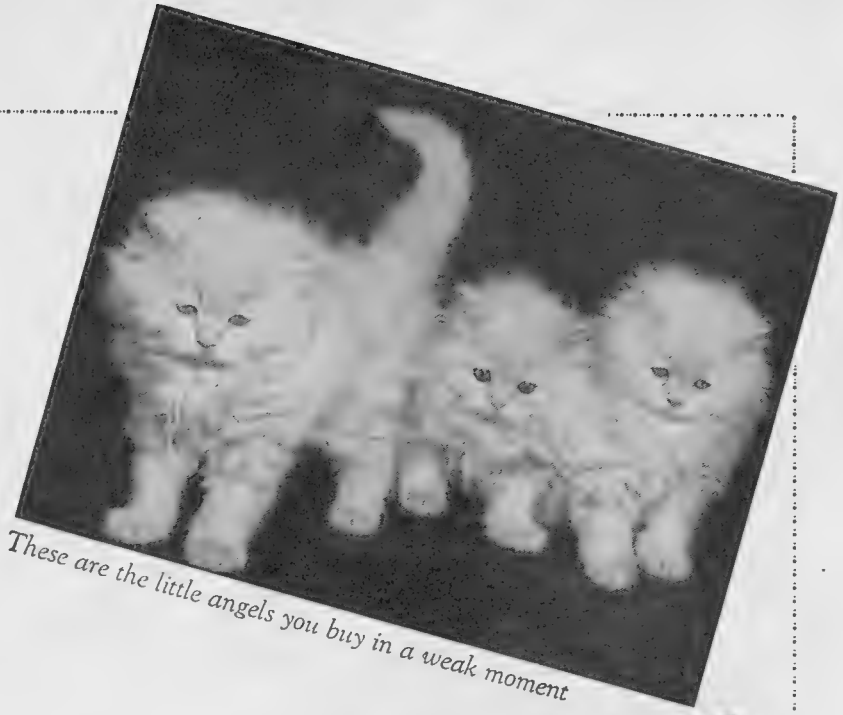




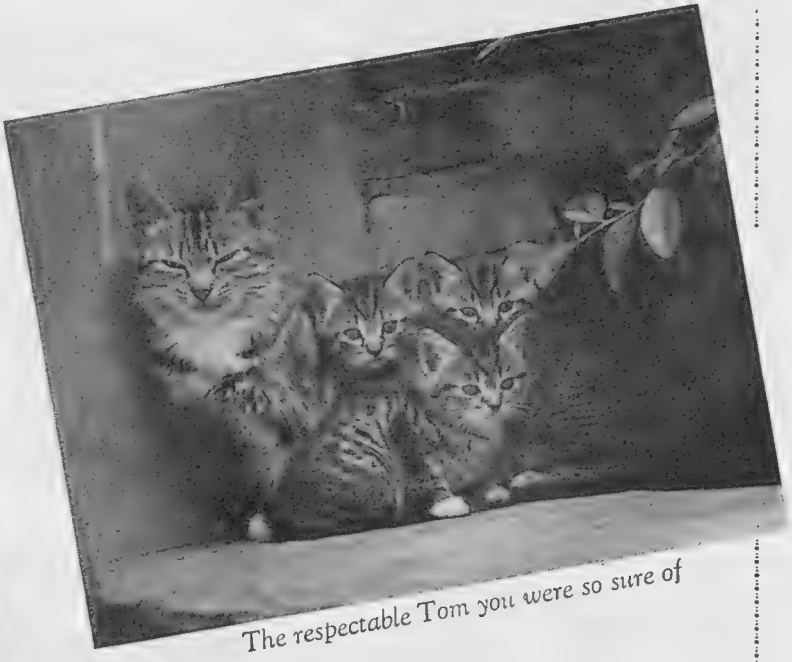


Some People Buy Cats

. . . others acquire them. At least, that is the assumption with which we like to flatter ourselves; whereas the cats know that we, and not they, are acquired and that, thereafter, theirs is the privilege of bestowing favours or withholding them



These are the little angels you buy in a weak moment



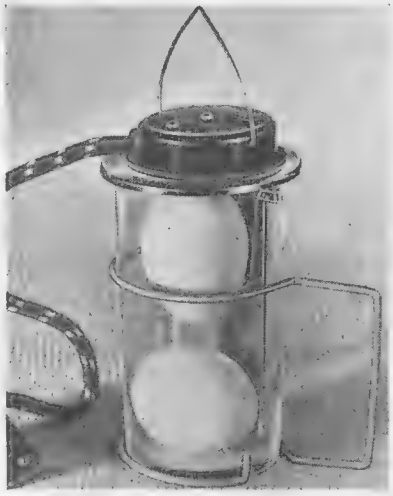
The respectable Tom you were so sure of

and the endearing innocent of the fireside . . .

. . . who grows up into this terror of the tiles

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

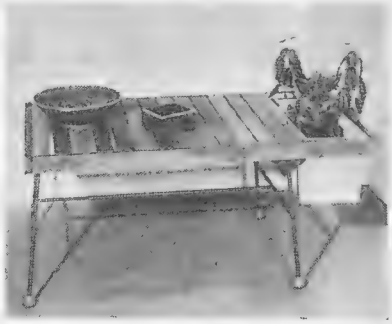


AN excellently designed tray for carrying drinks of all kinds. The decanter or, alternatively, a jug stands in the middle, on its own platform, and glasses stand in the surrounding moat. Made in wicker and natural wood, price 30s.

The "Boilette" provides a new way to boil eggs or heat up individual portions of soup, or drinks at the breakfast table or in the bedroom. Fill the Pyrex tumbler, put on the lid, plug in and switch on. It will boil in three minutes. Price 19s. 6d

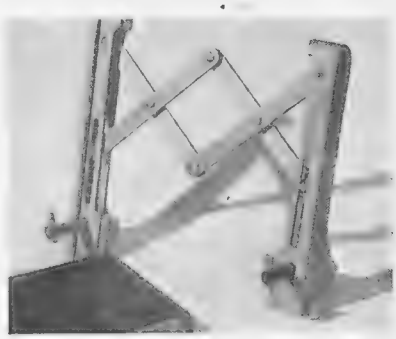
ON the left is a baby seal paper-weight, made of real seal-skin. A gift for any busy woman's desk. Each one is individually fashioned so you may choose the one whose personality appeals most. 18s. 9d.

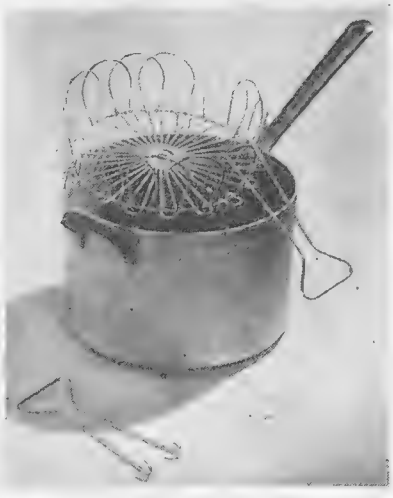
Stacking chairs designed by Robin Day combine economy of space with good design. The photograph of two chairs on the left shows the ingenious principle of stacking. They are light to handle, comfortable to sit on. In beech, £3 each; in beech with cherry wood seat, £3 4s. Practical for the small flat or a dual-purpose room.



THE glass and wood book holder on the extreme left is made to hold telephone directories but it can also be adapted to fit other large volumes. Price 28s.

A coffee table with a plant holder, by Dennis Lennan, is a new and practical idea. The plants are much safer in their own trough than in their usual place on the table. It would look very suitable in a modern hall. Price £5 19s. 6d. Table and etceteras all from Liberty's.





VEGETABLES are lifted from the saucepan and drained in one simple operation with this clever steamer rack. The hinged brim adapts it to fit any sized pan and makes it possible for you to use it for many different purposes, steaming vegetables, fish, etc. A good investment in these days when fuel saving is a personal as well as a national economy. Two sizes, 5s. 2d. and 6s. 7d.

The expandable wooden book-rest on the extreme left is really well designed and finished. The trellis back is adjustable to hold your paper at breakfast or your novel while you knit. Price 19s. 9d.

More Shopping For You

Spotting useful and decorative things for the home, helpful services and advance news from London stores is our shopping expert's mission in life. An inquiry to Margaret Sharp, addressed to "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, will bring details or advice on shopping matters.

IF you have a slim figure and are looking for something really new and exciting to wear in the evening, D. H. Evans have the answer with their black velvet cocktail slacks. The price is £5 10s. They also have them in tartan wool and various coloured gaberdines at a somewhat lower cost.

Have you seen the new travelling jewel cases? They are made of soft leather with zip-fasteners and pack quite flat. They are lined throughout, with individual fastening leather pockets to keep your jewellery from scratching. They can be had in various colours and sizes. Prices are from 49s. 6d. to 75s. 9d. There are also more solid cases from 89s. 6d.

Here is a new idea to please your children. Give them each a gaily-coloured toothbrush with their own name in gold lettering on the handle. There are 530 names available and many colours. Price 1s. 3d.

A VERY neat and reasonably priced bed-light, designed to clip on to the back of your bed, is made by "Pifco." In pink, blue, ivory or green plastic. Battery models 14s. 11d., electric 17s. 6d.

If you have to prepare vegetables for a large family, the De Mille "Merry-Go" home potato peeler is just what you need. It peels 3 lb. of potatoes in sixty seconds and will do many other vegetables as well. You just stand it in the sink, push the hose on to the cold tap, tip in the vegetables, dirt and all, turn the tap on gently and wind the handle for one minute. That is all. It is no trouble to maintain, as it is self-cleaning. Price £5 19s. 6d.

"Nyleska" is the name of a new nylon scourer which is most efficient. It neither scratches the user's hands nor the article being cleaned. It is easily kept clean by rinsing and squeezing dry. It may be boiled for sterilizing and does not break up in use. Price 2s.

WHEN the "top off the milk" has to do instead of cream, the "Cream-off" Syphonex Dispenser ensures that you get it undiluted. Price 3s.

No more chasing balls of wool under the sofa or rescuing them from the cat. The "Knit-pick" keeps wool securely hanging from your arm; you just spear it and there it stays. In coloured plastic. Price 3s. 6d.

A kitchen board on which onions can be chopped, fish filleted and all traces of smell removed by merely wiping with a damp cloth, costs 12s. 6d. The board is covered in laminated plastic in pastel shades, and measures 12 ins. by 21 ins.

Glass plays a trump card. Novel glass ashtrays, one in each suit, accommodate card players without taking up vital room on the card table. The price is approximately 9s. 6d. for the set of four.

This hot-beverage set will delight anyone who loves beautiful pottery. It will serve hot punch or the more homely nightcap equally appropriately. In cream and black on a deep-sea blue ground. Price £5 4s.

"Flowerlights" arranged among your flowers make an attractive centrepiece for the dinner table. They are specially designed so as not to drip, even when burned at an angle. In boxes of six, either red or assorted colours, price 3s.

In Town

FROM March 4 to 29, the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition will be at Olympia to provide new inspiration and new ideas on home management and décor.

IF you are good with your needle, pay a visit to "The Needlewoman," 146, Regent Street. This shop has everything you could wish for in the way of embroidery materials, transfers, coloured felts, etc., and a great variety of instruction books on how to use them.

TO give your home-made clothes a really professional appearance you can make use of John Lewis's "Home Dressmaking Accessory Service." They make washable belts from your own material and cover buttons in a selection of designs and sizes. They also do pleating.

If you want gay cottons, Cyril Lord designs are always attractive and original and most reasonable in price. New this spring are his embossed cottons, waffle-finished cottons and spun poplins. These are obtainable at most big London stores.

In March

FOR a blouse which is really good value, pay a visit to Ann Simon at 12 Baker Street. Her newly opened shop specialises in a wide variety of blouses of her own design, made in her own workrooms. She also has some washable French cotton separates with quilted skirts which are new and attractive; these would be very suitable for square-dancing.

ONE of the most exciting new shops in London is "Capricornia" Modern Ceramic Gallery at 54, Blandford Street (off Baker Street). They have a large collection of individually designed ashtrays, bowls, plates and tiles and some fascinating pottery chess-sets. They will make ash-trays and tiles to your design or monogram.

Knowing London in the wider sense is one thing, but finding what you want when you want it, organising the occasional visit to the best advantage is no easy matter. This is an information corner for out-of-town readers aiming to tell you . . .

WHAT TO SEE . . WHERE TO LOOK . . WHERE TO GO

PLAIN white china is always with us and has so denuded the table of character that we have almost forgotten the pleasure of distinctive appointments. But decorated glass has arrived to fill the same practical function, though without the fragility once associated with it. The Fiesta glass, shown on this page, is exceptionally tough and has a pattern impregnated by a new process which prevents any possibility of its wearing off. The Greco design, above, is in opaque white, with black and induces large and small plates and bowls. Damask Rose, left, is in several colours and the White Lace pattern, below, can be had in four colours as well as black and white on clear glass. *Fiesta glass by W. E. Chance and Co. Ltd.*

Appointment with Glass

THE special interest of these miscellaneous appointments in pressed glass is that they represent examples of really attractive design in a very inexpensive glass. Dinner services are not included in this range, but bowls, jugs, hors d'œuvre dishes, side plates, butter dishes and odd sugar basins cover many practical needs. In the small pictures are a water jug at 5s. 9d.; fruit plates at 3s. 3d. and cheese plates at 1s. 6d. The six-piece hors d'œuvre set is 21s. Items in the Waverley pattern shown at the foot of the page are made also in colours.

Pressed glass by Chance Brothers.

Hanging Gardens

IT is not quite true to say that plants have made a come-back in modern décor, because flower-lovers have always had their window gardens, but the decorative possibilities of indoor plants have been lately reassessed in terms of room decoration. Visitors to the South Bank Exhibition saw for themselves that the exotic successors to the aspidistra are as well suited to modern furniture as their progenitor was to the Victorian whatnot.

The plants now used for decoration all have one feature in common. Whether they are succulents or trailing plants, cactus or fern, they are bold and distinctive in shape and colour. As yet, these plants, which one cannot but call new, are not widely obtainable, but a few nurseries, including the Craigwell Nurseries, who supplied the specimens photographed, are specialising in these varieties.

Exotic though these new plants may appear to be, they are hardy enough and not difficult to grow. Cacti do not need the tropical heat so commonly supposed, so long as they are not watered during the dormant winter season. As for the plants, apart from protecting them from draught, to which they are susceptible, they need only routine care.

THE distinctive foliage of these plants lends itself to effective grouping. The large, spade-shaped dark green leaf of *Philodendron vars*, or the incised leaf of the *Fatshedera var*, contrast with the trailing, feathery-leaved *Hedera Chicago*, variegated ivy or pied *Tredescantha*; the fleshy cactus and succulents contrast with the spiked leaves of the green and white-striped *Chlorophytum*. The variegated *Pilea Cadiera*, with its beautiful silver-marked foliage, and the green and white *Eurya Latifolia vari* give colour variety within the range of green.

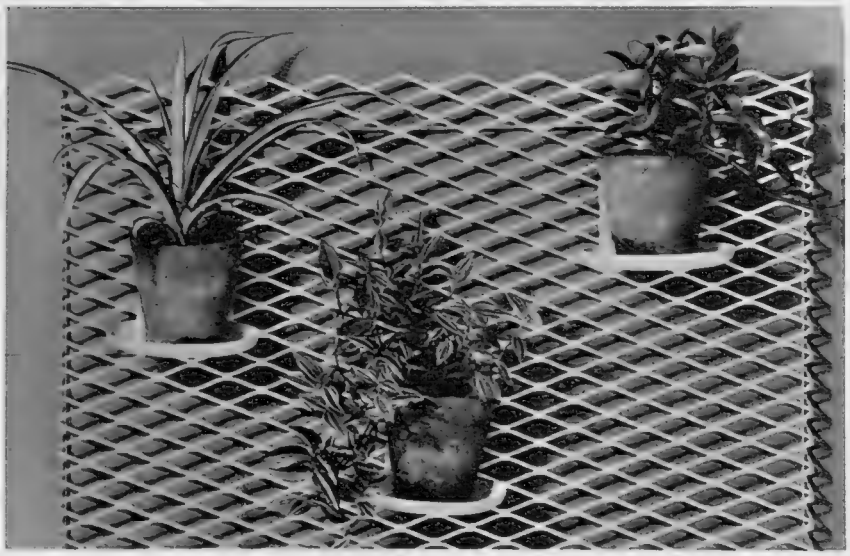
The white metal mesh hanging wall-garden photographed with trays and pot-holders, which can be arranged to suit the individuality and growth of the plant, are the elements from which to build living green pictures on the wall.

The hanging wall-garden (top) is 16 ins. by 36 ins. and can take one tray and four or five pot-holders. This attractive grouping was built up with succulents, cacti and a trailer. For a small corner arrangement, the pot-holder above is ideal and is less expensive than the mesh fitment.

A glass-topped flower-table is as charming indoors as on a balcony or terrace, with as many as eight or nine holders around it. The plants shown include *Eurya Latifolia vari* at the front, *Pilea Cadiera*, right, and *Fatshedera* at the back.

Indoor plants need a setting, just as pictures need a frame, to enhance their intrinsic beauty and to relate them to the room's décor.

Above is a second variant of the two-pot-holder frame for a flat wall grouping. Below is a more elaborate mesh-holder, 15 ins. by 25 ins., to take up to five holders and one tray. This collection includes the spade-leafed *Philodendron* at the top, with a *Sedum* beside it and a dainty trailing *Hedera Chicago* below.



This mesh frame, 12 ins. by 23 ins., is for two or three plants. The three used for this arrangement are the elegant white and green-striped *Chlorophytum*, the shiny-leaved *Peperomia Pumila* on the right, and a variegated *Tredescantha*.

Plant frames by S. W. Display.

Strength Conceals Its Secret

By Leoncie Benson.

THE criticism is sometimes levied against contemporary furniture that it is too light and flimsy. Some of us still think in Victorian terms about furniture, and demand solidity and massive pieces. We still want, in other words, to buy by weight. But strength can be taken for granted (provided the furniture is made and sold by reputable firms) and we can buy by design. Few of us realise the great strides in techniques of furniture-making that have taken place in the last ten years or so. The decisive turning-point was the development of Mosquito aircraft, which were, and are, made entirely of wood. The bodies were built by furniture manufacturers, who are now using the same principles for domestic furniture.

The furniture industry to-day, at its best, is changing from a craft industry to a highly scientific one. As well as new materials and new forms of old ones, its plywoods, glues and lacquers, it has at its disposal a greater range of machinery to give more accuracy and precision, and more speed to keep down costs.

PLYWOODS and laminated woods give us a new versatility in the shape and design of our furniture, still keeping the beauty of wood, but adding great strength and durability. New beauties, too, are revealed when the layers of wood are left exposed to view at the edges of, for example, tables. Chairs can be more graceful, lighter and infinitely more comfortable.

The wood used for the Mosquito is plywood, or, as it is also called, laminated wood. It has the tensile strength of steel with less weight. This same plywood is used extensively in furniture to-day. Why is it, then, that some people are still prejudiced against this remarkable method of using timber?

It is true that the earliest forms of plywood, used for tea-chests, for example, did not have much strength and soon cracked and split. But now plywood is made on scientific principles. One major change is the use of synthetic waterproof glues in place of the animal and vegetable glues which were previously used. The new glues give plywood hardness and strength to stand up to the stresses and strains and weather imposed on an aeroplane, conditions which are, of course, never met with in homes.

Plywood, in essence, is a sandwich of woods. Layers of veneer (that is, thin laminations or slices of wood) are placed one above the other, with the grain of each layer going in the opposite direction from those on either side of it. This gives strength in two directions to the wood. The layers, always in uneven numbers, are glued together under great pressure.

Sheets of veneer can be cut and pre-formed—that is, pressed to any shape required. There are many types of plywood, varying according to the kind of wood used, the number of layers, and whether the ply is a sandwich with an inner core of strips of wood laid together in different directions.

The furniture manufacturer chooses the most suitable for the job in hand, according to whether resilience is wanted or stability. Mahogany plys are made for stability, beech and birch for resilience. In the best furniture, the decorative veneers are underlaid with a veneer of mahogany, and the underside of the wood must always have a balancing veneer running in the same direction as the outer one, or the ply would twist.

When a large area of plywood is used, as in wardrobe doors, it is put into a frame to overcome any tendency to twist. When used for seats, a slight movement is

The lightness of Robin Days' design for a dining chair conceals the comfort and strength associated with much heavier pieces.

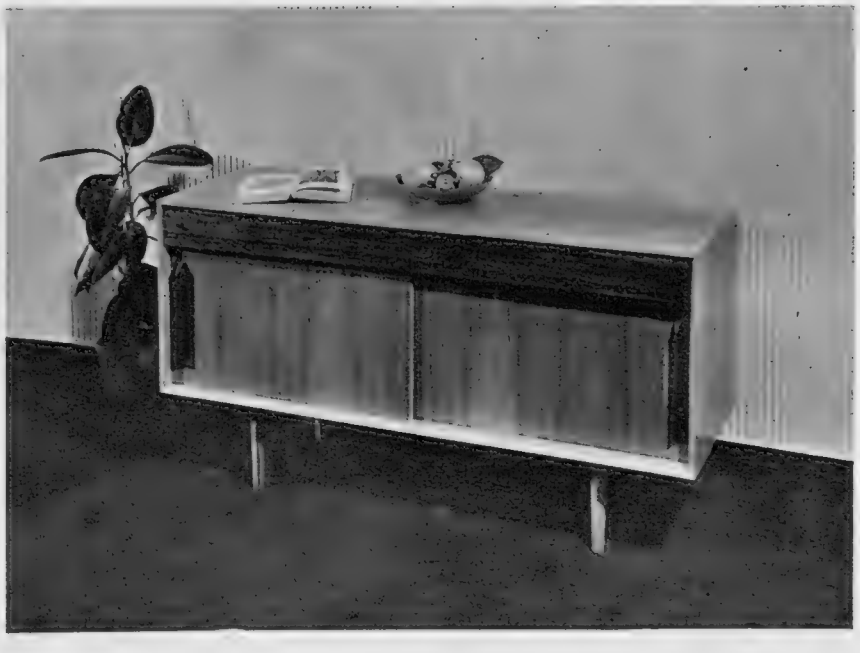
of no consequence. Solid wood is still used where it is best suited, as in the case of a mitred cabinet or solid legs on chairs or other pieces.

Contrary to popular belief, kiln-dried wood is better than naturally seasoned wood. Kilning destroys the sugar sap which is the cause of distortion and cracking, and which is not removed in natural seasoning. In America, air-seasoned wood is hardly ever used, because it is unsuitable in centrally-heated rooms. Central heating has been known to cause the finest antiques to crack.

THE combination of scientific kilning with the new glues gives a strength to furniture that has never previously been attained. Another ally of the present-day manufacturer is the new colourless synthetic lacquers which protect and reveal the full beauty of the wood. No blemishes can be hidden, as is the case with the dark, high-gloss stains and polishes which are called " jam " or " treacle " in the trade. Moreover, the lacquers need only a damp cloth occasionally—no hard polishing—to keep them in perfect condition.

With new techniques, the design of furniture can undergo a renaissance. Limitations necessarily imposed on the great furniture craftsmen no longer apply, and our young designers are free to use their genius to give us exciting and beautiful furniture that keeps abreast of tradition in the best way—by living in the present.

A graceful elegance conceals the strength of the suite of which the pieces, left, are part. In walnut and abura or mahogany or ash all over. *Finewood Ltd.*



Though to all appearances fragile, scientific principles of construction render the pieces shown above practically indestructible. *Hille of London.*

Can Any Expert?

SINCE the time when Adam found Eve peacocking around in the latest interpretation of the fig-leaf there has been a sharp divergence of view between husbands and wives about fashion.

You can clearly see in the modern husband's facetious comments upon his wife's millinery achievements a shadow of the mediæval gentleman who, though history (being written by men) does not record it, sharpened his wit at the expense of his wife's new whimple. Came his antecedent who was still laboriously demonstrating the obtuseness of masculine wit upon the poor wench's delectable Dolly Varden.

And so the battle rages, not less furiously but perhaps a little more so since a third party has appeared to complicate the issue. I refer to the Fashion Expert.

Now there have always been fashion experts, but there has never been a time when her influence was so widely diffused. She writes guilefully in every newspaper and magazine; her insidious propaganda is wafted over the ether; her advice, and her admonitions, invade the television screen. If we wanted to ignore her we couldn't. And what woman does? She knows exactly what we should wear and when we should wear it. In a few artful phrases she converts the elegant dream woman of imagination into YOU. She knows all the answers except one. How to sell these fascinating propositions to our husbands.

EASY enough to assure us that we are no better than pariahs, fit only to be shunned by decent society if we don't wear a bell skirt; that it is better by half to have one's head shaven than not to wear a confection indistinguishable from a plate upon it. What is more, to wear it *level*. What she is not so ready to let us know is what we do when, on presenting ourselves before our husbands in the raiment which she has commended, an expression of acute embarrassment envelops his features and his only comment is "My God!" Even a fashion expert must concede that such remarks are not conducive to goodwill in the matrimonial set-up.

The mystery of it is that fashion experts could conceivably have homes and even husbands of their own and that they are therefore aware of the necessity for what the Domestic Crisis Experts call "give and take."

Of course, there can be no disputing the fact that what these knowledgeable women have to tell us about fashion is completely right. Nobody wants to believe it more than we do, but having taken so much upon themselves it does seem unreasonable not to carry the banner a little further and make our men believe it too.

COULD they, moreover, explain why it is that, since the struggle for elegance is presumably directed towards making us more attractive to men, the objects of the campaign still tend to insist that "You look much nicer in that old blue"? Could they perhaps let us know how to insinuate into our husband's attitude to fashion some of that pioneering spirit which is so forcibly expressed when it comes to poker, or holidays on a barge?

It would be illuminating if the experts could also tell us why elegance is so intriguing in *other* women. Why the hat which draws facetious comments on his wife draws only backward glances of approval on someone else's. Why, when you get down to cases, and ask him "How do you want me to look?" he says it will be fine if you just look "pretty and suitable," whereas we—and the experts—know that the happiest evenings are spent by ladies who drape themselves in something chic, black and alluring and, on the whole, *un*suitable.

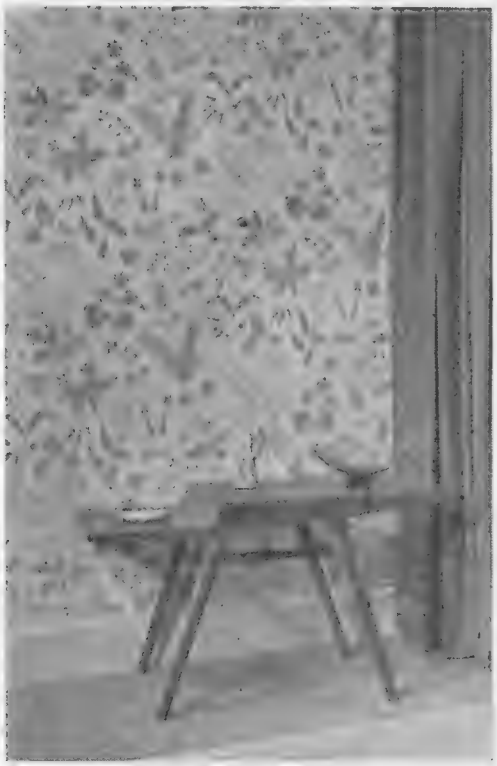
Can any expert help us about this, or are we forced to the conclusion that fashion writers have coralled the last fifty men in this country with potentialities about fashion, stunned them with a Dior umbrella and married them?

R. C.

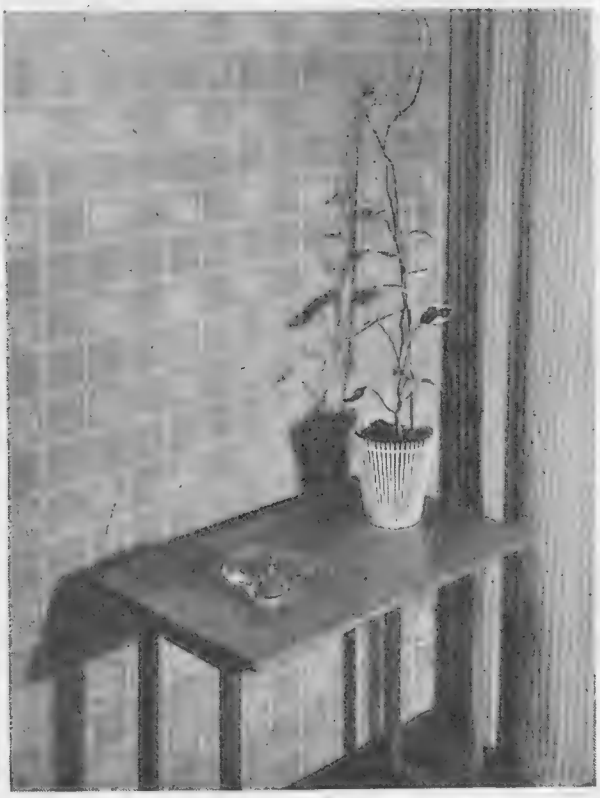
The "Expert" is the new by-product of an age in which the printed word is largely devoted to telling us what to do and when to do it, though frequently omitting to tell us how!

If you are looking for new wallpaper and fabric to harmonize, here are some of the newest

Paper Chase



Left above. Leaves and flowers in delicate pastel colours on white. Use with a plain fabric picking up a dominant colour. *Above.* A cream ground with burgundy stripes and Cubaleen fabric with a cream bouquet on a burgundy ground. *Left below.* Pink paper with a terra cotta tint and a white design for curtains in yellow-green striped with white and brown. *Below.* Palest blue on white paper with curtains of an irregular blue check on white, faintly overchecked with green



[*Sanderson papers and fabrics*

Jersey Is So

Wool jersey is an old favourite that loses none of its popularity, but rather increases it by disclosing many unexpected facets of personality

Unpressed pleats give fullness to the wide skirt of a fine black jersey with a tiny turtle-neck, high in front and tapering at the back. Dolman sleeves melt into the narrow waist to which a wide skirt-spring gives the current "hippiness." Jaeger

Stripes combined with a plain matching tone give the appearance of a jumper suit to a one-piece style. Wolsey

Grey, the everlasting favourite, forceful with white accessories, makes a full-skirted jersey with a yoke effect achieved with a deep tuck which continues down the sleeve front and appears again to define a deep hem. Percy Trilnick

Versatile

Two pleats from the shoulder seam give a slight drape to the V neck of the two-piece jersey, on the right. Gathers precisely point the hip-line. Jaeger

A print design shows the newest facet of jersey's personality. In cream with a delicate web-like pattern in brown. A dress with the assurance, and more comfort, than cotton or silk. Wolsey

Percy Trilnick's *"little black" for late day wear displays an expanse of throat and neck vastly becoming above a fitted bodice and full skirt.*

THE most important decision to make at the beginning of an English summer which might produce anything from near tropical heat to ice-cold is what to choose for your wardrobe which will be most adaptable to changing conditions. In such a climate no limited budget wardrobe can be foolproof. Only the widest selection of clothes and weights will meet the eccentric variations of an English summer.

But one thing can be safely counted on, that is that neutral weights must have importance in the kind of weather which is neither very hot nor very cold. Jersey is, in this sense, one of the most versatile of fabrics. In its many variations of texture it can be warm enough for the coldest days and light enough for the in-betweens. It has the additional virtue that it tailors well and it is equally amenable when the soft drapery of a summer style is wanted. It takes the lighter pastel colours with as much grace as the elegant black. It is, in fact, the indispensable fabric of the wardrobe. At any time of day and for any age of woman it is practical, infinitely comfortable to wear and flexible in the widest sense. This group of dresses includes lighter weights most suitable to spring and summer. No practical year-round wardrobe can be complete without one.

Cardigan Jumper

The interesting feature of this cardigan is the ribbed tuck from shoulder to welt which incorporates two slit pockets at the waist. The original was worked in a deep shade of salmon pink, smart with black and brown as well as summer pastels

BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 112 (120) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 44 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and patt.

1st row.—K. 40 (44), p. 1, k. 30, p. 1, k. 40 (44).

2nd row.—P. 40 (44), k. 1, p. 30, k. 1, p. 40 (44).

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times more.

9th row.—Inc. into first st., k. 37 (41), k. 2 tog., p. 1, m. 1, k. 30, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 37 (41), inc. into last st.

10th row.—P. 40, (44), k. 1, p. 32, k. 1, p. 40 (44).

Work 6 rows in this patt.

17th row.—Inc. into first st., k. 37 (41), k. 2 tog., p. 1, m. 1, k. 32, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 37 (41), inc. into last st.

Work 7 rows in patt.

Continue to move the p. sts. outwards in this manner and at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of work on the next and every following 8th row until there are 132 (140) sts. on needle. This will come on the 81st row.

Work 7 rows.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

1st row.—Cast off 4, k. 34 (38), k. 2 tog., p. 1, m. 1, k. 50, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 38 (42).

2nd row.—Cast off 4, work in patt. to end.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Work 2 rows.

9th row.—K. 25 (29), k. 2 tog., p. 1, m. 1, k. 52, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 25 (29).

Continue to move the p. sts. outwards 7 times more. This will come on the 65th row. Now keep the p. sts. straight to end.

Work 7 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 11 (12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 40 (44) sts. for back neck.

The pattern requires 9 oz. 3-ply Golden Eagle Polynit in shade No. 556; No. 13 and No. 11 needles; and ten matching buttons. It is knitted at a tension of 8 sts. to 1 in. measured over the stocking stitch. Instructions are given for sizes 34-in. directions for 36-in. bust appearing in brackets

RIGHT FRONT
POCKET FACING

With No. 13 needles, cast on 35 sts. Work 44 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib and lay aside.

With No. 13 needles, cast on 85 (89) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 rows.

5th row.—Rib 3, cast off 4, rib 8, cast off 4, rib to end.

6th row.—Rib to last 11 sts., cast on 4, rib 8, cast on 4, rib 3. Work 18 rows. Work a 2nd buttonhole. Work 18 rows.

Change to No. 11 needles and patt.

1st row.—K. 3, cast off 4, k. 8, cast off 4, k. 12, p. 1, sl. the next 35 sts. on to a holder for the present, k. across 35 sts. of pocket on holder, k. 18 (22).

2nd row.—P. 53, (57), k. 1, p. 12, cast on 4, p. 8, cast on 4, p. 3. Now continue in patt. as follows but *at the same time,* after 18 rows work another buttonhole and continue to make buttonholes with 18 rows in between each until 10 in all have been worked. The 10th buttonhole will come on the 141st and 142nd row.

Work 6 rows in patt.

9th row.—K. 31, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 50 (54), inc. into last st.

Work 7 rows in patt.

17th row.—K. 32, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 50 (54), inc. into last st.

Work 7 rows in patt.

Continue to move the p. stripes outwards in this manner (*Continued on page 74*)

Another basically simple cardigan jumper knitted mainly in stocking stitch but using a fancy rib for the distinctive . . .

Pocket Panels

7 oz. of Templeton's 3-ply "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering are required for this pattern in lime green, shade No. 2379, and eleven matching buttons. The cardigan worked on No. 11 and No. 13 needles at a tension of 8 sts. to an inch measured over the stocking stitch fits a size 36-in. bust. The detail below shows the stitch used on the pocket panel

FRONT POCKET LININGS (2)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 33 sts. and work in st.st. for 5 ins. Break off wool and leave sts. on a spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 76 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in. *Make a buttonhole by casting off the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th sts. on one row and casting on 4 sts. in their place on the following row. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1½ ins., then rep. from * until work measures 4 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 11 needles (slipping 14 sts. from buttonhole edge on to a spare needle for border) and continue thus :

1st row (right side of work).—K. 12, * p. 1, k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 9 ; rep. from * once, p. 1, k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 17.

2nd row.—P. 17, * k. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 9 ; rep. from * once, k. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 12.

Rep. the last 2 rows once more.

5th row.—K. 12, * p. 1, k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, w.fd., sl. 9, w.bk., rep. from * once, p. 1, k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 17.

Note.—Care should be taken to leave thread loosely over the 9 slipped sts. on right side of work.

6th row.—As 2nd row.

Rep. the last 2 rows 3 times more, then the 5th row once again.

14th row.—P. 17, * k. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 4. Sl. the right needle under the 5 strands at front of work and p. them tog. with next st., p. 4 ; rep from * once, k. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 12.

These 14 rows form one patt.

Continue in patt., inc. at the seam edge on every 7th row 8 times (70 sts.), 25 sts. in st.st. at seam edge. Continue straight until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armhole by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at seam edge, and dec. at the same edge on the following 8 rows(52 sts.) Work across pocket thus:

1st row (right side of work).—K. 12, cast off 33, (loop on needle), k 6.

2nd row.—P. 7, p. across 33 sts. from one pocket lining, p. 12 (52 sts.).

Continue in st.st. until work measures 16½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape neck by casting off 15 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at front edge and dec. at the same edge on the following 5 rows (32 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at armhole edge. Rejoin wool at border sts. and using No. 13 needles work in k. 1, p. 1 rib, making buttonholes as before at 1½-in. intervals until border measures ½ in. less than front edge. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

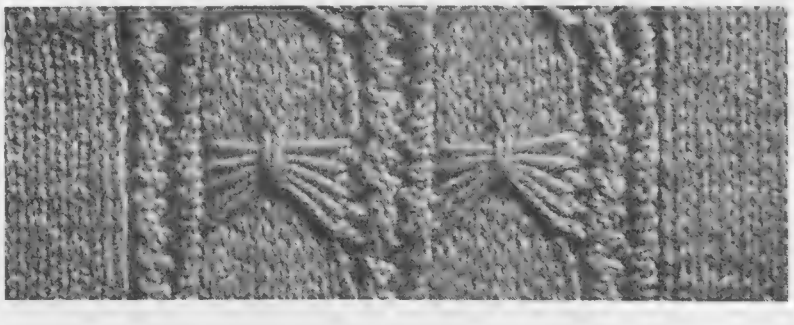
Work as for right front but omitting buttonholes and reversing all shaping. 1st and 2nd rows will read thus :

1st row (right side of work).—K. 17, * p. 1, k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 9 ; rep. from * once, p. 1, k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 12.

2nd row.—P. 12, * k. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 9 ; rep. from * once, k.1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 17.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 120 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 11 needles and continue in st.st. for 14 rows. Now inc. at each end of every 7th row 8 times (136 sts.). Continue straight until side seam matches that on front, then shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 8 rows (100 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. (*Continued on page 74*)



there are Secretaries AND Secretaries

THERE is inevitably an element of disappointment in the situation for the young woman who having completed an expensive education finds herself with no alternative but to become a secretary. A long academic training and enthusiasm for a career entitle her to hope that the future holds something better than pounding a typewriter. But for all this there is much misunderstanding of what a secretarial job can become. There are secretaries and secretaries.

It can be stated as a fact that many women who have reached high places in the professional and commercial sphere started as secretaries. Many, too, insist that it is the best springboard to a career.

It stands to reason that no academic degree, however dazzling, fits the holder for a specific job requiring specialized commercial knowledge. To the employer, preoccupied with his special sphere of interest, the newcomer's degree is merely an indication of her potential.

As a woman employment agent who places many young women in top secretarial posts remarks: "If a degree does not educate in the business sense, it at least makes the holder educable."

BEGINNING as a secretary in an organization which offers the possibility of expansion in interesting work, the competent young woman has an opportunity to get the "feel" of the business; to absorb its colour and, if she is alert, to extend her usefulness.

Even if she is to remain a secretary there are responsible and interesting posts for women who have just that much more to offer than the average typist.

Important and interesting people have to have secretaries. A mere twenty-year-old is employed as a junior secretary to Mr. Churchill and, rightly, considers herself fortunate to have such experience. Another young woman I know of is secretary to a television producer and has recently been given the opportunity to fill in as announcer on a children's programme which offers a new and promising prospect in the early stage of her career. A third has recently departed for Madrid to become social secretary to the British Ambassador in Spain and his wife. Such jobs exist and they call for those qualifications which only the girl with the higher education can provide.

Politicians, authors, film stars and directors, newspaper executives, editors and big business men need secretaries who are efficient, responsible, discreet and, above all, interested in the work of their employers.

SOME of the more glamorous sounding jobs, for instance secretary to a film star or director, are exacting in the extreme and call for outstanding qualities of initiative, patience and poise. Such people work at unorthodox hours and in unorthodox places. The glamour is mostly illusion, although such secretaries *do* travel.

Many women would prefer the more solid type of post. For these the work of confidential secretary to a big business man can be rewarding in every sense and lucrative.

Secretaries in the Foreign Office travel the world as assistants to the Minister's deputies. The United Nations Headquarters at Geneva employ many more but the number of would-be entrants for the Geneva posts are enormous by comparison with those chosen. The qualifications are high, but so is the pay, and the hours are long and irregular. Such posts are not for the average ability, but though they do not grow on trees they do exist in numbers.

At home in England there is a considerable demand for temporary secretaries, particularly in the summer. Married women find these short-term posts fit in well with their domestic responsibilities. As an example, a secretary was recently engaged for Yehudi Menuhin during a visit to London. In another case an American soft drinks millionaire had to be provided with a secretary for the period of his stay in this country.

Countless books have been written about the "perfect secretary"; she has become a very real part of the business life of the times. Indeed, she frequently carries very real responsibilities and wields considerable power. Many powerful business and professional men depend upon their secretaries far more than they would admit. Many gifted secretaries have shown such ability that they have eventually found themselves graduating to jobs for which only secretarial experience could have fitted them.

A film production secretary taking dictation from director Victor Saville on location in Monte Carlo Bay. The director of a large advertising agency, who is also a novelist, discusses an advertising campaign with his secretary and an executive

Telling Hands

FEW people, even those who would be the last to admit it, can quite detach themselves from the fascination of palmistry. While the fortune teller who sees the future in a crystal is handicapped by an association with witchcraft, even a sceptic must entertain the lurking suspicion that Nature herself could have something to disclose in the hand. Those tell-tale lines. Could there be something in it?

In fact there is. How *much* is a question of where scientific knowledge and mere soothsaying can be reconciled. The scientific gentlemen who are now prepared to make concessions to popular lore about the hands, emphatically dissociate themselves from anything in the nature of fortune telling, but they do now contend that the human hand does give some indication of character.

Investigations made in America and in this country have brought the conclusion that the action of the glandular system determines the structure of the hands. The science of endocrinology is as yet only in its infancy, but little doubt remains that character and, of course, health are controlled to an important extent by the glandular system. External evidence of its action is known to be evident in the structure of the hands as, indeed, in other parts of the body.

AS an example, the highly strung person with a tendency to develop any of the stress complaints like gastric ulcer have been repeatedly observed to have the long hands sometimes referred to as "nervous." Such hands are said often to exhibit an unusual number of lines. These are attributable, it is thought, to the many movements and gestures which are common to nervous dispositions.

The palmist — in this sense not so far wrong in his calculations — will, perhaps rightly, assume a sensitive and retiring disposition from hands of this type. This may account for a fleeting accuracy in his further assumptions about the trend of events in the life of the subject.

Impressed with the accuracy of his assurance that "you are extremely sensitive to atmosphere. Ambitious but lacking in self assurance" (a description to fit any number of people of a highly strung disposition) one is put into a receptive frame of mind for the forecasts about the dark lady and the journey across water.

Looking back upon such consultations most of us can recall that the strongest impressions have been made by the delineation of character. Thus assured of the reader's "seeing" powers we are receptive of the rest.

A stiff thumb, so the scientists now say, is an indication of an intolerant disposition; a temperament lacking in flexibility though, at the same time, evincing a stern sense of loyalty. Looking at this, the palmist will draw a roughly accurate picture of his subject, and sketch in such experiences as may be assumed to confront a person of such a temperament at some time in his life.

Seeing the more flexible thumb which belongs to the opposite type, he may make a shot at it with "you must try to curb your extravagance. Next year will bring you financial difficulties unless you do." He could be right because the flexible thumb goes with an impetuous and care-free disposition, and it is a reasonable assumption that these qualities may combine with open-handedness and even extravagance.

THE surrender of the scientist to the ancient arts of character reading has even gone so far as admitting that handwriting reveals temperament. An eminent scientist writing in a sober scientific paper says that heavy handwriting denotes self-confidence and egotism. Heavy down strokes and cross strokes are indicative of sensuality while the writing of the emotional character shows an irregularity of size and a variation of style. It is all linked up in some way with the nervous forces at work behind the pen. In fact those influential glands are at it again.

Out of it all comes the interesting question how, if these latest conclusions have been reached on the basis of recent scientific knowledge, did the palmists of old reach the same conclusions without the same advantages? They knew that hands were telling things. Their claims to knowledge have been robbed of much authority by the uses to which the more unscrupulous of their disciples have put it. But this is not the first instance in which the modern scientist has had to hand it to the ancients.

The next time the palmist beckons you from the curtain-draped cubicle on the pier you may accept the invitation with a scepticism mildly diluted with the assurance that even scientific opinion concedes that there is ***something*** *in it*

Enhancements

LOWER the eyebrows to make eyes appear larger. Use mascara on the upper lids only and dark eyeshadow lids to disguise prominent eyes.

USE light foundation on good features and dark on the less than perfect. For instance, apply dark foundation to a large nose and light foundation elsewhere. If nose is perfect, but the chin too strong, use dark on the chin and powder the nose lightly.

ROUGE placed high up and out makes a round face appear oval, placed further in towards the nose it will round a long face.

SHORT hair tapered neatly at the back will disguise a short neck; hair worn long will disguise a long neck. A short high fringe will give apparent depth to a shallow forehead; hair dressed full and soft above the ears will create the perfect oval out of a round face.

A GOOD hair style is probably the most important single factor in good grooming. If a good hair style in itself does not make a beautiful woman, no woman can be chic without it. The tailored haircut has been devised by one hair stylist to flatter the head whatever the style may be. The reason is that it fits the head to the very last hair. If you follow the careful directions of the stylist you can keep the hair looking as good as new until you pay your next visit. You are told how to brush to the right, the left, up or down. Your comb is guided in the way it should go.

LONG research has taught this expert the subtle relationship between skin and hair colouring. She has found that the colour of the hair reflects directly upon the face, meaning that some women give the illusion of youth long after youth has passed or they can look old, quite unnecessarily, long before their time. A colour rinse is a colour adventure with no commitment beyond the next shampoo.

ANOTHER expert has colour theories about make-up. The "colour seen through colour" technique brings warmth to sallow skins, vitality to tired features. Just as great artists paint one colour over another to achieve a luminous quality, so by using one tint of powder over another, one lipstick over another, the skin is given a depth of colour and transparency.

A SHINY nose is anathema to good grooming. An astringent base, used with a normal tinted foundation will hold the make-up for hours longer.

THE occasional spot or blemish can be treated and disguised with Anti-Blemish Lotion. It is a pleasant, powdery, pink-tinted lotion which can be used as an all-night face pack, as well as for concealing and healing individual spots beneath make-up. Its pale Rachel colour helps to tone down their redness.

Beauty

by

Chrysis

Beauty is a Campaign

BEAUTY is a gift to a few women. For the rest, beauty is a campaign, waged unceasingly with all the strategy of feminine wit. It sounds exhaustive. It is. Is it worth it?

No woman can answer that question for another. Is it worth while to be considered attractive by the casual passerby, to be beautiful to nearest and dearest? Most women will say yes. Yes, but . . . can Friday's child who works hard for her living become Monday's child who was born fair of face?

Beauty could be defined, like genius, as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Plus something. Plus that indefinable attribute of vitality, dignity, happiness, warmheartedness or one of the hundred other qualities which go to make up a character. This spiritual beauty many women, irrespective of age or artifice, possess without knowing it. It is not to be had for the wishing.

But the physical attributes of beauty are possible enough in these days of cosmetic magic. Beauty treatments can do much, make-up can work miracles. The comeliness which depends on good grooming is every woman's prerogative to-day.

It has been said that inside every fat man is a thin man trying to get out. The feminine paraphrase is equally true—inside every plain woman is a beautiful one trying to get out.

If it is worth while to be beautiful, it is worth while spending time on the job. The basics of beauty care are few and simple, but they must not be neglected. We all know them only too well, it is only that often lack of confidence in success, never gets them started at all. There are few beautiful women under thirty and fewer still over thirty who can leave all to nature. If the woman who despairs of her own powers of attractiveness could witness the toilette of the apparently more fortunately endowed, she would probably gain heart to start on a campaign of her own.

CHICNESS is a constant battle to be immaculate. Not only have clothes to be constantly tended—a spare-time job in itself—but the face and figure must have the same constant vigilance. Complexions must be constantly scrutinized for loss of tone, vitality and for the incipient wrinkles. Figures must be corseted and cosseted. Hair must be tended and styled. Hands, feet must be considered as part of the total picture. Above all, health must be seen as beauty's most valued ally.

New treatments must all be considered as they come along, some tried out, others pigeon-holed for future reference. Nothing must be passed up as being too troublesome, not worth the time or effort. You must select, reject, experiment and persevere as part of the campaign for beauty, knowing that expert advice will always be given at a beauty salon when you cannot rely on your own judgment and experience.

SO often, women give up all claim to beauty on one bad feature alone. It is usually a secret problem, not discussed with friends and often not even faced up to squarely by the sufferer herself. It grows and grows in secret until it is quite out of all proportion to reality.

A secret beauty worry is all the better for an airing. Trot it out, look at it from all angles—both metorphorically and physically—and watch it deflate itself into an ordinary-sized beauty problem. Half the time, a looming secret proves to be a common enough trouble already well looked after by the beauty experts. There is no complexion so bad that it cannot be improved, no figure that will not respond to the right kind of treatment. Wrinkles can be smoothed, superfluous hair banished, contours can be fined, mousy hair transformed into the proverbial crowning glory. It can be done. It needs only your decision to do it, and your determination to see it through.

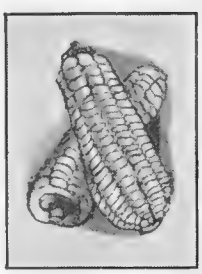
FOR the odd beauty problem for which there is no answer—and there are some we must all admit—facing up to them won't make them worse, but better, because then they fall into the correct perspective. Beauty is not dependant upon any one feature, otherwise Madame de Pompadour's squint would have ruled her out of court. It is much more an integration of the whole personality.

Of course, there is a trick or two to learn in the art of camouflage. There are some you may not know of on the other side of the page. But the beautiful woman is not one who camouflages her poor features and leaves it at that. Camouflage is a negative means of producing a negative result. Beauty is a positive attitude of mind—it is a campaign.

If you would like to receive a basic beauty routine chart, or would like advice on any beauty problem, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia & Eve, 195 Strand, W.C.2

Cookery by Harriet Muir

Uncommon vegetables add variety to the daily menu and make the basis of light meals



Sweet corn on the cob will be more plentiful later in the year, but meantime tinned corn can be used as a substitute. Sweet corn fritters are a meal in themselves. Use a small tin of sweet corn (about a breakfastcupful.) Add enough flour to make a stiff paste, season. Dip spoonfuls into batter and then fry in hot fat until browned on both sides.

Corn and cheese toasts is another tasty snack. Heat the contents of a tin of sweet corn with 2 oz. grated cheese, about ½ oz. margarine and seasoning. Spread on rounds of buttered toast and put under grill for 2 or 3 minutes.

A way of preparing hot beetroot is to slice the cooked vegetable thinly and fry in hot dripping long enough to heat through. Lay the slices on rounds of buttered toast with a spoonful of thick white sauce on top of each. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

For stewed beetroot, have ready two sliced boiled beetroots. Fry two thinly sliced onions for a few minutes in about 2 oz. margarine. Mix in 1 oz. sugar and 1 oz. flour, season. Add, gradually, ½ pint milk and 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar. Boil for 5 minutes stirring all the time. Add beetroot and simmer slowly for about half an hour. Serve surrounded with creamed potato sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

Jerusalem artichokes are as simple to cook as potatoes and have a delicate sweetness of their own. When washing and peeling, keep their colour by dropping immediately into water containing a little vinegar. Boil in salted water with a little vinegar and they will rise to the surface when tender. Another way is to parboil them and then fry them lightly in hot fat.

I am including recipes for aubergines and kohl-rabi although not yet in season. The latter is best used young when it can be treated as spinach. For a tempting dressing, add ½ glass of white wine to two tablespoonfuls of white sauce. Finely chop the vegetables when cooked and mix into sauce.

THOUGH outsized marrows are the gardeners' delight in this country the baby marrow grown to about six inches in length is a most delicate and flavoursome dish. At this size the skin should not be removed. Arrange the marrows in a baking dish with a little olive oil, or dripping, and bake them in the oven until tender. Baste occasionally.

The subtle flavour of the full-grown marrow can only be conserved by cooking in very little water. Peel the marrow and cut off thick sections. Remove seeds and put into pan with just enough salted water to cover the bottom of the pan. Stew gently until nearly tender, drain. Fry a few minutes in margarine until light brown on both sides. Lay the sections in a greased fireproof dish touching each other. Cover with white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown crumbs. Dot with margarine and brown in the oven. Another good dish is made by slicing the peeled marrow thinly and arranging layers of marrow and sliced tomato alternately in a casserole dish with dots of butter or margarine between the layers. Cover and put the dish in the oven to cook in its own moisture.

Before baking, aubergines should be soaked for one hour in cold, salted water then chopped small. Peel and finely slice an onion and fry in margarine until golden. Add aubergines, two sticks diced celery, a pinch of mixed herbs, 1 dessertspoonful finely chopped parsley, 1 bay leaf and seasoning. Put mixture in fireproof dish and pour over small tin of tomato soup. Bake in moderate oven (Regulo 4 or 325° F.) about half an hour. Remove bay leaf and garnish with rounds of grilled tomato.

To prepare aubergines slice them lengthwise thinly, salt and drain for an hour.

Second Vegetable

Squeeze out the water, dip in batter and fry in hot fat.

Another way is to boil 3 or 4 aubergines in a little water. When tender pass through the sieve. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and add enough flour and a beaten egg to form into cakes. Fry in very hot fat.

Chicory which is very easily obtainable in its season has much of the delicious crispness of celery with a more pronounced flavour which asserts itself over others without too much pungency. It is, of course, most commonly used in salads but it is also good cooked. The core should be removed as this is inclined to be bitter. A head of chicory takes about 20 minutes to boil and the water should contain a little lemon juice and vinegar as well as salt. White or cheese sauce go well with it, or it can be served as a savoury. For the latter, fill a piedish with alternate layers of chicory and mashed potato. Cover with cheese sauce and put it in moderate oven (Regulo 4 or 325° F.) until golden brown on top.

Early forced seakale is good served with a poivrade sauce. Wash the seakale and set to boil until tender. Make the sauce by melting about 2 oz. margarine in a pan. In this fat braise a variety of diced vegetables, such as finely sliced onion, carrot, a stick of celery; also add a bay leaf, sprig of thyme and 2 cloves. Stir all until lightly browned. Season and sprinkle with a dessertspoonful of flour. Add a wineglass of port or sherry, a wineglass of vinegar and, gradually, about ½ pint thick brown gravy or strained stock. Cook until mixture makes a thick, creamy sauce. Lay cooked seakale in a hot fireproof dish and pour the sauce over. Garnish with triangles of toast.

ONE of the tastiest vegetables is red cabbage. The flavour of apple enhances the cabbage. Cut in four pieces and cut out the hard stalk. Wash well. Melt 1 to 2 oz. margarine in a pan, add seasoning, a glass of red wine if possible, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, the cabbage and about 1 gill stock. Cook gently for approximately one hour. Add 2 or 3 peeled, cored and chopped eating apples, 1 oz. sugar and gently cook for an hour.

Green peppers have a distinctive and delicious flavour. Slit the pepper down one side and scoop out the seeds. Stuff with a savoury filling of minced meat, sausage meat or cooked rice and arrange the peppers in a baking dish. Cover and bake in the oven with olive oil or dripping for about ½ hour.

To prepare peppers for frying, cut them in rings after removing seeds and skin-like inside lining. Put the rings in boiling salted water and cook for a few minutes then drain. Melt a little margarine in a frying pan, put in rings, sprinkle freely with brown breadcrumbs and toss in the hot fat for a few minutes.

Corn fritters and red cabbage

EVERYONE who has a vegetable garden knows that the production of lettuce tends to outstrip consumption. When salad needs have been met, try cooking the lettuces. Remove the damaged outer leaves and wash. Parboil lettuce whole in a little salted water, then carefully press out water without spoiling the shape. Melt a little margarine in a pan and put in lettuce. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a pinch of herbs. Cover with thin slices of onion and a breakfastcupful of tinned peas and a little finely chopped parsley. Add enough stock nearly to cover. Cover and simmer 1¼ hours. Make a white sauce with the liquor. Lay lettuce on hot dish and serve with sauce poured over.

WHAT TO EAT THEM WITH

Most of the rarer vegetables have distinctive flavours and should be carefully combined with other dishes. Few green vegetables blend their flavour well with fish, but marrow, cooked in either of the ways suggested here, have the right kind of delicacy for steamed, grilled or baked white fish.

Eke out the all-too-meagre ration of meat when it comes in the form of pork, with corn fritters. Good in themselves, they will blend well with the pork and make it go much further.

As a supper dish in its own right, corn fritters could be served with red cabbage. Tasty and nourishing.

Try fried sweet peppers as the second vegetable with mutton chops or the rare fried steak. Serve with savoury potato, that is one tablespoonful chopped watercress and 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley mixed into mashed potato, dotted with margarine and browned under the grill.

Artichokes are excellent served in soup, a good cream kind such as celery. Otherwise, eat them with beef and most red roast meats. Their mild flavour is swamped by the more robust and highly seasoned flavours.

Remember that raw grated Jerusalem artichokes give a delicious nutty flavour to salads.

Aubergine can be served with any braised meat. It is a good vegetable to serve with a ragout made from pieces of beef browned in dripping with onions and a clove of garlic; add half a pint of stock, season with tomato purée and simmer slowly for 4 or 5 hours.

Stuffed aubergine makes an excellent supper dish. Minced meat or bacon is best for the stuffing, mixed with breadcrumbs with seasoning and a dash of lemon juice added. But you can use sausage meat or tinned meat roll.

★ ★ ★

Car On A Budget

by Kay Petre

HOWEVER much we may dislike the word budget it is creeping into everyday home conversations with monotonous regularity, dominating family conferences held to cut down living expenses to offset the ever-rising cost of living.

One big money-eater is a car. With petrol, tyres, garage fees, insurance and maintenance at exorbitant prices, running a car is a luxury these days.

A few years ago the loose silver in a man's pocket, or the contents of a woman's small-change purse, paid for a petrol fill-up.

But not to-day. Wallets have to be produced and pound notes, yes, in the plural if it is a big tank, fished out to cover the fuel bill every time the car stops at the petrol pumps.

With a new licence quarter beginning in April, many cars will come out of winter storage and be put back on the road,but a number of owners will shake their heads doubtfully and mutter "is it worth it?" while rapidly making financial calculations as to what the summer motoring holiday with a car will amount to, plus its every-day use.

As soon as the laid-up car is in working order again a hundred and one trips will suddenly become imperative. No matter that they were brushed aside during the car-less winter as unimportant, a call on Aunt Mary (ten miles away) and a visit to those boring Smiths becomes essential.

And a dozen trips to the shops seem imperative, when one weekly expedition sufficed when a car was not available.

IT is easy to become car lazy, particularly if your car, or the one belonging to the family, is on the road all year round as vital transportation.

The cost of petrol is the biggest item of expense in running a car to-day, and there is only one foolproof way of economizing on it, and that is to work out a budget. (There we go. I knew that word would re-appear again before long.)

A car budget can extend far beyond just working out a system of rationing the mileage on a daily or weekly basis.

In tailoring down the cost of operating a car to suit your purse every item that runs away with shillings, and pounds, must be trimmed.

With new cars almost unobtainable, and second-hand ones selling at crazy prices, it is wise to cover your car fully. Third-party insurance was one thing in the pre-war days when you could pick up a sound second-hand model for £25, but to-day the motorist who values his car, and needs it for transport, is well advised to carry a comprehensive policy on it.

But garage repairs can be cut by careful attention to the car such as regular greasing, topping up of battery, cleaning of plugs and keeping the chassis and engine spotless—an occasional scrub-down with paraffin will do—so that any breakages, oil leaks, or loose connections can be spotted before they run you into a breakdown miles from home.

It sounds dreary I know, but not nearly as irksome as having to pay a repair and tow bill at some distant garage, then go and fetch the car at some inconvenient time.

Incidentally, keeping the engine clean will show up any "weeps" in the petrol lines or carburettor, where the precious fluid seeps out without doing any good in the world except cleaning the small area it flows over.

AND that brings us to petrol, the biggest thief to our pocketbooks. Petrol economy can be achieved in three different ways. One is to plot a route for your daily trips, thus doing the minimum mileage to get to a certain number of points, the second way is by your method of driving, and the third is by the condition of your engine.

Point one. By a little planning the daily trips such as driving husband to station, taking the children to school, doing the shopping, and calling on friends can be worked out so that the same ground is not covered twice. It sounds a chore, but it is worth it, and saves endless miles.

A map of your area, showing the surrounding countryside, the village or town, is useful to study, and it is fun to work out the most direct way from one point to another. (*Continued on page* 82)

Streamline your motoring to a budget . . . treat the regular check-up at the garage as an economy . . . anticipate petrol "weeps" with a clean engine . . . keep a light foot on the accelerator pedal for economy and if you are inspecting new cars with a view to purchase there are new models designed for low petrol consumption like the Ford Consul in the picture

The perfect Slip

makes the perfect silhouette

Nylon Tricot is the news in lingerie. Carefree, trouble-free nylon tricot. Two little words that sum up an important fashion story. They are your assurance that this lovely lace-trimmed Kayser Bondor slip will never shrink, never stretch ; that it will wear and wear, that it will wash and dry in a wink and never need ironing. To achieve that sheath-like silhouette, choose this lovely lace-trimmed slip. It will give an elegant line to your fitting dress.

Sizes 32″ to 44″. Price 42/- Pantee sizes 25″ to 33″. Price 19/11

To wear under your full-skirted dresses there is a luxury slip with a deep, double flounce of nylon tulle, trimmed with guipure lace, to match the perfect-fitting brassiere top.

There are matching pantees to both slips, which can be bought separately, if you wish.

Sizes 32″ to 44″. Price 59/11 Pantee sizes 25″ to 33″. Price 29/11

KAYSER BONDOR

TAILORED WITH YOU IN MIND

★ *Remember you can buy Kayser Bondor slips from* **13/11**

Grandma And The Plum Tree (*Continued from page 27*)

corner of his mouth, and recognized Mr. Wallace Bruce Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun, a retired plumber, had moved into the house next door during the winter, much to Grandma's disgust. He was a bachelor with a predilection for cigars and fancy waistcoats, tastes that Grandma viewed with no more than a mildly jaundiced eye; but he was also a prideful and aggressive scoffer at what he described as "a' this religious jookery-pookery," and Grandma, much to his vexation, treated him with a consistent cold contempt.

Grandma, too, had turned, her eyes glinting along her beak of a nose. "Certainly, sir, I've been in an art gallery," she said coldly. "What about it?"

"Ye need ask me?" said Mr. Calhoun with over-affected surprise. "Did ye no' see anything there pleasin' tae the eye?"

"I did so. But nothin' to compare with this tree."

"Ach!" Mr. Calhoun removed his cigar and spat expressively. "As if there was onythin' patent aboot that tree or ony ither tree. I could grow as good a wan mysel' wi' jist my least wee bit touch."

"Could you, now?" said Grandma dryly. "'The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things.'"

MR. CALHOUN'S round face coloured angrily. "Ye think I'm boastin', dae ye? Weel, jist you haud on an' I'll show ye a tree every bit as good's yer ain." He sneered. "Aye, an' I'll no' need the Lord tae help me, either."

Grandma stooped swiftly and picked up her basket. "You're a fool, sir," she snapped. "An ignorant fool. Without the Lord's help you couldn't even crook your finger." She wheeled away from him. "Come, Duncan."

But fool though Mr. Calhoun may have been, he wasn't without enterprise; for it was only a day or two later, while I was playing in the back garden, that I saw him emerge from his house with a small tree across his shoulder and a spade in his hand.

"Aye, tak a guid look," he said sourly, as he caught sight of me. "Then away in an' tell yer grannie I'm plantin' a plum tree in my kail yard."

I watched him while he dropped the tree and began to dig and then turned and went into the house. Grandma was in the kitchen, making scones for tea.

"Mr. Calhoun's got a plum tree," I said.

"A plum tree?"

"A wee one." I held my hand above my head. "He's diggin' a hole for it."

GRANDMA drew her griddle to the back of the range and went out to the scullery behind the kitchen. Its window looked out across the wash-house roof on both gardens and we had a clear view of Mr. Calhoun as he went about his planting. Already he had dug the hole and, holding the tree in place, was scuffing the earth around its roots with his foot. This done, he patted it down with the spade and then stood back and admired his handiwork.

Grandma sniffed. "Glaikit creature. A bonnie lookin' plum tree it'll be."

"Why, Grandma?" I said.

"Because he's doin' it wrong. He should have made a glaur with earth and water to pack around its roots. And he hasn't used a speck of manure to give it a start."

"Why don't you tell him?" I said.

"Tell him!" She turned, her eyes snapping. "Am I daft? Solomon knew his kind well: 'Fools despise wisdom and instruction,' and 'The instruction of fools is folly.' Tell him, indeed! I wouldn't waste my breath."

But though she refused to advise Mr. Calhoun, I could see, during the next forty-eight hours, that she was none the less concerned for the tree. And with reason. Obviously, it was dying, its few tender leaves withering and turning brown. If something wasn't done for it, and soon, it was doomed.

On the afternoon of the third day I was in the back garden when Mr. Calhoun came strolling out from his house. He nodded curtly and then went past me to the young plum tree and stood looking at it.

"Humph!" He removed his cigar and spat. "Kind o' peely-wally lookin', the thing."

"Grandma says it's goin' to die," I told him.

He scowled. "Och, did she, now? I suppose the Lord told her?"

"No," I said. "Because you didn't plant it right."

"Plant it right!" He laughed wheezily. "As if ye could plant it wrong! It came oot o' the earth an' went back tae the earth, an' a' it needs is time. Jist you tell that tae the auld blether, my young cockalorum."

AT tea-time I reported the conversation to Grandma, and saw her heavy brows lower over her eyes.

"The gomeral!" she said with contempt. "'Wise in his own conceit.'" She was silent, her face thoughtful, and then she looked across at me. "Duncan, when you've done your tea you might take a pail along the road and see can you scrape me up some horse droppin's."

I looked at her with astonishment. "What for, Grandma?"

"For the tree, laddie."

"But why?" I said blankly. "It's not your tree."

"No." Light came into her eyes. "It's not my tree. It's the Lord's tree, and just as much His creature as you and me."

"But Mr. Calhoun'll be vexed if you do anythin' to it."

She grunted. "Mr. Calhoun'll know nothin' about it. He always takes his bit daunder of an evenin', and that'll be my chance to do the Lord's work."

"But if the tree lives," I objected, "he'll think it was his own doin."

"Aye." Her face darkened. "And he'll gloat, the creature, I haven't a doubt. But let him gloat—the Lord'll know the truth."

It seemed to me that Mr. Calhoun would never set out for his stroll that evening, but at last, just as dusk was falling, he emerged from his front door, a fresh cigar rammed in the corner of his mouth, and strutted off along the roadway.

GRANDMA had everything ready—a newspaper, a trowel, a pail of water, the pailful of manure and even a wooden box to help her over the wall. Three minutes later we were kneeling by the young plum tree.

First Grandma dug the earth away from the tree's roots and piled it on the newspaper. When they were free I lifted it clear and watched her make a mud puddle in the bottom of the hole. I put the tree back and steadied it while she sprinkled alternate layers of earth and manure around its roots until the hole was almost full. Then she dumped the rest of the water in and, when it had soaked down, filled the hole with dry earth from the newspaper and patted it flat. You could hardly tell then that the tree had been disturbed.

"There!" she said with satisfaction, as she rose. "That's all a body can do for the poor wee thing. Whether it lives or dies now rests with the Lord."

Unfortunately, I had to go home the next day, so, though I heard from Grandma that the tree had lived, it wasn't until the summer, when I went to stay with her, that I was able to see what progress it had made. And then, with a kind of awe, I saw the new leaves and shoots it had put forth and knew that indeed Grandma had been working with the Lord.

And now, the Lord's work done, this should have been the end of the matter. But there was still the devil to be reckoned with.

Indirectly, I was the cause of the violent scene that took place between Grandma and Mr. Calhoun the next spring. I had just arrived to spend a week-end with her and was sitting in the kitchen, watching her iron, when I remembered our adventure of the spring before.

"How's Mr. Calhoun's plum tree, Grandma?" I said.

"Oh, aye!" She looked at me, a little gleam in her deep-set eyes. "You haven't seen it, have you?" She put her iron on the range top and crooked a finger at me. "Come," she said, and led the way to the door.

I FOLLOWED her down the back steps and along the side of the wash-house. As we cleared it she stopped suddenly, and I saw that Mr. Calhoun was pacing his garden, the inevitable cigar in his mouth. For a second or two Grandma hestitated, and I guessed that since the spring before she had been careful to give him no chance to gloat about the tree. Then I saw her face harden and she continued on her way.

As we approached him, Mr. Calhoun stopped his pacing and stood watching us expectantly, but Grandma swept past him without so much as a glance, and I saw his mouth twist in a sneer. Then as we came to a stop near the bottom of the garden, my eyes fell on the young plum tree across the wall and I felt a tingle of surprise and pleasure. The extensive new growth was to be expected, but I was quite unprepared for the masses of bloom that covered it.

"By gum!" I said. "You fixed it, Grandma."

She looked down at me, dour and grim but with the gleam back in her eyes. "The Lord fixed it, Duncan. The wee thing has done real well, has it not?"

"Weel, I'm glad tae hear ye admit it," said Mr. Calhoun's voice from our right.

I turned quickly, sure that he must have heard us, but his next words brought reassurance.

"Ye didna ken I had a green thumb, did ye, mem?" he said jeeringly.

Grandma eyed him with cold disfavour. "Nothin' could be of less interest to me, sir, than what kind of thumb you have."

MR. CALHOUN scowled. "Aye, ye're such a superior body, wi' your way o' it. But for a' yer superiority, ye were wrong aboot the tree. I had planted it wrong, accordin' to you, an' it was goin' tae die." His voice rose in triumph. "But it didna die, did it? Did it?"

"No, it didn't," snapped Grandma. "But it's no thanks to you."

"Is that a fact?" Mr. Calhoun arched his eyebrows insolently. "Then wha's it thanks tae?"

"To the Lord, mostly."

"Och, aye, the Lord." He grinned derisively. "Did He no' come tae the door an ask could He borrow my spade!"

The irreverence was a little too much for Grandma. "You blasphemous, ill-bred gomeral!" she said furiously, stung out of discretion. "You had nothin' to do with it. You left it there to die, but I watered it and fertilized it, and the Lord saw fit then to give it back its life."

Mr. Calhoun removed his cigar slowly. "You what?"

"Aye, I did so," said Grandma. "I dug it out of the dry fushionless earth and planted it properly." She snorted. "You and your green thumb!"

Crimson flooded Mr. Calhoun's face. He raised his cigar and dashed it to the ground. "Officious auld carlin!" he snarled. "Ye think ye did a great stroke—trespassin' on my property an' interferin' wi' my affairs. But I'll show ye, by the holy Moses! I'll show ye!" His face contorted with rage, he rushed at the young tree and threw his weight against it, thrusting and tearing at it. Its slender bole bent to and fro helplessly in his grasp, and then there was a long, splintering crack and it buckled in the middle.

I GLANCED up at Grandma and saw that her eyes were blazing in a colourless face. Without speaking, she went over slowly to the wall and stopped, a dark, menacing, silent figure.

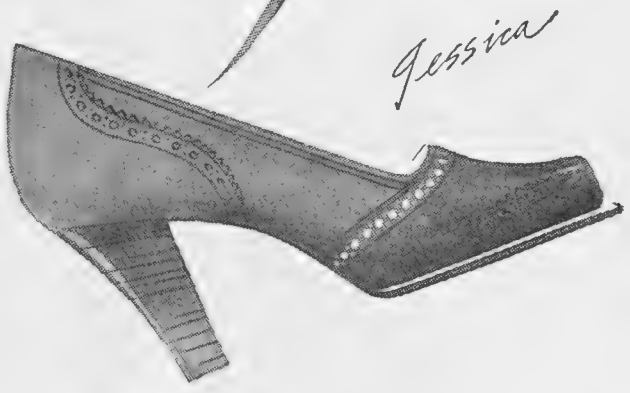
I don't know what Mr. Calhoun read in her face, but the rage (*Continued on page 60*)

Clarks
COUNTRY CLUB

Spring

high,

spring



low...

Courts for Spring are high — high-heeled, high-fronted, peaked, flared and crested. Courts for Spring are low—low- or mid-heeled, low sided, dipped. And Courts are everywhere this Spring, for Clarks feature courts in Country Club Shoes, a choice of irresistibles in light feather welts in never-before colours, in the strolling luxury of soft and unlined leathers.

Melody, *Black, Hawthorn Red, Brown and Blue. Leather soles.* ***Madrigal,*** *Black, Sherry Tan and Hawthorn Red. Leather soles.* ***Robina,*** *Black, Parkway Green, Turftan Brown. Leather soles.* ***Jessica,*** *Black, Sherry Tan, Parchment, White, and Blue. Leather soles.* ***Janetta,*** *Hawthorn Red, Cognac Brown and Blue. Leather soles.*

Nearest shop? Write Clarks Dept. A2, Street, Somerset — *and ask for a style leaflet*

drained out of his own and I saw something like apprehension dawn in his eyes.

"What are ye glowerin' at?" he blustered feebly. "It was my ain tree, was it no'?"

"Aye, it was your own tree." Grandma's voice was hardly more than a whisper. "But like Satan, you've destroyed without reason, and for that you'll surely answer to the Lord." She turned her back on him. "Come, Duncan."

I followed her into the house. In the kitchen she stood looking out of the window, and when, at last, she turned I saw that her eyes were moist.

"I'm awful sorry, Grandma," I offered. "He's a dirty rotter."

She shook her head. "Don't be sorry for me, laddie. It was my own doin', my own sinful pride. I allowed myself to boast about what I had done, not mindin' what the Book tells us: 'Him that hath an high look and a proud heart will not I suffer.' Now the Lord has punished me as I deserve. . . ."

And now, the devil having done his worst, there remains a last brief scene that rests, very properly, with the Lord.

THAT summer when school closed I went back to Ardrach. I had been there only a day or two when, playing in the back garden one afternoon, I happened to glance up into the plum tree. For seconds I stood there, held motionless by surprise, and then turned and ran into the house. Grandma was in the sitting-room, busy with her eternal knitting.

"The plum tree, Grandma!" I cried. "You didn't tell me."

She looked at me dourly over stilled fingers. "What are you haverin' about?"

I realized then that she hadn't known any more than I had.

"I've got somethin' to show you," I said, and tugged at her sleeve. "Come on, Grandma. You'll be glad."

Grandma And The Plum Tree

"Ach," she complained, "you're a perfect wee pest." But she laid aside her knitting, and I led her out to the plum tree and pointed upward. Under its foliage every branch and twig was lined with small green plums, hundreds of them, bushels of them.

I heard Grandma's breath catch. For a little she was silent, then her voice came, full of wonder and a kind of exaltation. "The Lord's doin'," she said. "The Lord's unfailin' justice. He punished me for my pride, but I had done His work nevertheless, and now this is my reward."

And, of course, I believed her.

And, now that I'm nearly as old as Grandma was then, I still believe her. For, certainly, there is no finer example of God's handiwork than the miracle of cross-pollination between two trees.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 34)

thirty years—has the author's exemplary full-page photographs and drawings.

A. LLEWELYN MATTHISON entered the telegraph service in Birmingham, went into the paint business there, and now, at eighty-two, writes essays to beguile his retirement in Somerset. In **"Bullocks at Stamford Fair and Other Sketches"** (Cornish Bros., 8s. 6d.) he muses on Brummagem's "bad old days"—which were also good—old letters, old ladies, prizefighters, Shakespeare, amateur dramatics, paint (of course) and other things with the amateur's *con amore* zest and few of his faults. "He has enjoyed his life and forgotten nothing and he can describe what he has seen and make it live again," says W. Macqueen-Pope, introducing this ripe philosopher.

I AM all for novels that tell me something of native life in distant parts and interest men as well as women. Richard Hunter's **"The Dam"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.) is a building job employing 100,000 men undertaken by an Allied Relief Association in China in 1947, and the story concerns mainly the adventures of John Fisher, its U.S. director, in combating the corruption and inefficiency of Chinese officials and getting through the battle lines to Communist H.Q. to seek co-operation on the scheme, which is constantly held up. Mr. Hunter obviously knows his war torn China. His writing is sure, his tale convincing.

HOW the people lived in fifteenth-century Wales, when the Marches resounded with conflicts against the English, is not Oliver Onions's only pre-occupation in **"A Penny for the Harp"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) His object is to tell a romantic tale of the Lady Margaret, bound from Gwlad in Montgomery to Briniau in Gwent with bodyguard, chamberwomen, pet marmoset and birds in wicker cages, the adventures that befell when they lost their way and came to the primitive settlement of Pentre; and to continue the story of the jester Gandelyn of *Poor Man's Tapestry*. But he does give an astonishing picture of the period, with a magic in word and image that seems almost psychic, as if he had lived in it and could make the reader live in it, too. No other historical novelist has his wizard folk-touch.

THE home life of a young Trinidad Indian who takes the girl-wife his parents find for him and settles outside Port of Spain with a hut, a cow and 200 dollars—that is the simple native story of **"A Brighter Sun"** (Wingate, 11s. 6d.), by Samuel Selvon, himself of Trinidad-Indian extraction. Background of brawling, fighting, rum-drinking, wenching under a tropic sky. Relations with Negro neighbours, the arrival of children, the young man's groping for knowledge, his fight with the soil.

THE Mexican Indian peasant and labourer at the time of the revolt against Dictator Diaz is B. Traven's concern in **"The Rebellion of the Hanged"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) translated by Charles Duff. To get money for an operation on his sick wife the Indian, Castro, is tricked into a job at a forced-labour lumber camp where the savage tyranny provokes a rebellion, with catastrophic effect on the ruling régime. The author of *The Death Ship* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* is a master of native drama, and this is one of his most eruptive, fiercely colourful stories.

SHALLOW, sentimental stories of teenagers give me a pain. Not so Walter van Tilburg Clark's **"Tim Hazard"** (Kimber, 12s. 6d.), which has depth, beauty, poignancy, and the real stuff of youth in it. It portrays a Nevada lad's schooldays—friends, parties, games (especially tennis), young love, passion, jealousy, quarrels, disillusionment—and makes no concession to happy endings.

HELEN JACOBS'S **"Centre Court"** (Quality Press, 8s. 6d.) is all tennis—and love: the story of Kathy Webb, U.S. champion, her progress to Wimbledon, her defeats and triumphs, the final fulfilment of her heart's dream in a tea tent. Tennis fans will enjoy it.

AN eminent politician, his attractive secretary, and her blackmailing fiancé are the players in Edgar Lustgarten's **"Game for Three Losers"** (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.), a triangle drama culminating in a sensational court case in which not only the guilty suffer.

SOMETHING always seems to happen to London girls who go to Cornwall. In Walter Greenwood's **"So Brief the Spring"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) Anne meets a young fisherman disowned by a miserly father and thinks: Suppose she could reconcile them and become the mistress of the old man's lovely home! But it is the father with his cellar hoard of £18,000 in gold who wants her, not the son. A story of life and love at cross-purposes, with the sea lapping the harbour and gulls screaming overhead.

FICTION

"School for Spies," by Frank Cox (Hutchinson, 6s.); **"Yours Truly Angus MacIvor,"** by Neal Harman (Arthur Barker 9s. 6d.); **"A Day Of Grace,"** by Hebe Elsna (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"In the Money,"** by Robert Westerby (Arthur Barker, 9s. 6d.); **"The Stubborn Field,"** by Gwenda Hollander (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.); **"The Turquoise Trail,"** by Shirley Seifert (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Whitaker's Almanack 1952" (complete edition, 15s.); **"The Grace of Guadalupe,"** by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 10s. 6d.); **"Fruit Growing, Cooking and Preserving,"** by W. E. Shewell-Cooper (Wingate, 10s. 6d.); **"Wines with Long Noses,"** by George Bijur (Hampton Hall Press, 5s. 6d.); **"Creatures Great and Small,"** by Colette (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.); **"A Doctor's London,"** by Harvey Graham (Wingate, 13s. 6d.).

END

Appointment In Utopia (*Continued from page* 19)

creating a new record for body temperature. Then I began to go cold. Terribly cold. But action steadied me a little. Our half-Indian returned, and we were escorted towards one of the white buildings. The dust was thick about us, making us cough. In the confusion I found myself next to Adele for a second.

I didn't mince matters. I still felt pretty wild with her for ignoring my warnings, and for making eyes at the half-Indian.

"They think we're spies," I whispered. "We're to be shot in the morning."

She turned to me. I admired the way she took it. Not a sign of flinching. If anything there was more sparkle in her eyes.

"Gorgeous!" she said, and laughed.

I wanted to kick her more than ever, only one of the guards pulled me away from her.

THEY'D kept cattle in that shed, kept them under conditions which would have horrified any hygienic government. By dint of shuffling we managed to get our feet on to comparatively clean patches. And there we waited, with four guards between us, lolling against the walls, smoking hand-made cigarettes.

I decided to risk speaking.

"Look," I said, "when they question us you'd best let me do the talking."

Somebody pushed the uncomfortably hard business end of a rifle into my stomach, just where it hurt most. And that finished that attempt at conversation. Adele didn't answer; but she gave me a look which seemed to say: "Serves you right (*Continued on page* 62)

WOLSEY LTD., LEICESTER.

for talking out of your turn." Which made me hopping mad.

We were in a tight spot and I should have to use everything I knew in order to get us out of it with unperforated skins. I was convinced that if Adele started talking we were finished. When that girl used her tongue the result was always the same. Trouble.

My worries were still chasing themselves round a circular track when the half-Indian came into the shed. He gave some swift, whispered orders and we were pushed out into the yard again. Although we seemed to have been penned up for hours, the sun was still in the same position and there was the same maelstrom of dust.

EVIDENTLY something important was about to happen, for the *peons* handed us over to uniformed troops. I counted. An officer and eight men. Did that constitute a firing party? The sinking feeling in my stomach persisted until we'd been marched across the yard. It wasn't until we were clear of this region of dust clouds that I was able to see just what was taking place.

We were approaching what seemed to be the nerve-centre of General Lola's headquarters. A steep path, flanked by flowerbeds led to an isolated bungalow with a massive portico. The place looked as though it had been soused in whitewash.

The path was like a street near the stock exchange in any big city so far as bustle was concerned. *Peons*, soldiers, native servants, business men, farmers, and several elegants who looked suspiciously like politicians were going backwards and forwards, forming groups like swarming bees. Nobody took any notice of us, apart from an old priest who seemed to have lost his way and was undecided whether to join us.

At the bungalow the confusion was wilder than ever, and the officer in charge of us had the greatest difficulty in obtaining admission. For a moment Adele was pushed to my side, as there was a mass movement to make way for a very ordinary looking little man who came through raising his hat to everybody, including ourselves.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Adele whispered.

"Oh, magnificent," I said bitterly. "Pity they won't let us write home from the next world. We could do a fine 'how-it's-done' article on organizing a civil war."

"It isn't as serious as all that!" she cried. "I expect the general's a bit of a pet. They mostly are, you know."

I remembered one . . . but that doesn't matter. I couldn't have agreed with her less and there were the seeds for a really absorbing argument. Only our officer returned, looking as pleased as if he'd just earned a new campaign medal.

He brisked out an order and we were marched through swing doors, across a hall and into a large room. My first guess was that it was a post office.

There were worried-looking men sitting at tables, two women having hysterics into a telephone, and a swarm of people whose behaviour was in no way quelled by the line of troops with drawn swords who formed a barrier at one end of the room.

OUR own progress was halted because the ordinary looking little man, who'd been so busy raising his hat outside, chose this moment to come into the large room. I listened eagerly to the nearest voices. The more I could discover of the set-up in these parts the better I should be prepared for the questioning which was to come.

Just for a moment I'd wondered if the little man might be the general. But he wasn't. His name was Señor Orellana, and he was a politician noted for his ability in placing one foot in each of contending camps. At the moment he was adroitly easing most of his weight so that it came down on the side of the general.

But where was the general? Everybody wanted the general. Everybody was calling for him.

The general, it seemed, was occupied in his study putting the finishing touches to a water-colour. Painting was his favourite form of recreation. It was only with great difficulty that he'd been persuaded to set aside the brush to take up the sword. Even then, he'd made it clear that he must be allowed to paint in his spare time.

This story sounded fantastic to me; but there was certainly some truth in it. Whether it was the attraction of Adele, or the energy of the young officer, I couldn't be sure. But we found ourselves at one of the tables, and on the outskirts of a brisk conference. Then we were passing the drawn swords and were hustled into a room. The officer and our guards made a convulsive movement. And I found myself looking at the general. I knew at once he was the general because he was fingering a camel-hair brush and getting a magenta daub on his thumb.

HE didn't look formidable, especially when he glanced at Adele. There wasn't anything particularly warlike about his appearance, anyway. He looked like a retired bank manager, or somebody like that.

All the same, I reckoned that it was up to me to open the offensive.

"General," I said. "Your people have made rather a mess of this business. True, I landed a plane not far from your headquarters. But as the engine failed I couldn't help that. Furthermore, you don't seem to have sent any restrictions to airfields outside this country. Nobody told me this was a prohibited area.

"I'm employed by Miss Adele Caldwell, here, as her pilot. Her father's an important business man in the States. Austin J. Caldwell. Miss Caldwell has no interest in this country, and has no connections with the existing government, or—indeed—with any political parties. May I therefore request that you give us facilities for returning to the States by the quickest route?"

That impressed him. He stared at me. He put the paint brush to his lips and the magenta stain spread across his mouth. Then he frowned at the officer, who was looking a bit uncomfortable. My Spanish wasn't equal to the next bit. The general became a sort of verbal Chicago piano flinging out questions. The officer who was in charge of us became more and more confused. I hoped that he was putting all the blame on the half-Indian who had been in command of the rescue party. I felt certain of one thing. Adele and myself represented a sort of diplomatic *faux pas*. Maybe the general would have preferred for us to have been left to die of thirst by the wrecked machine. Or perhaps I misjudged him there. His roving eye was so attracted to Adele that I was expecting him to start painting her picture any minute.

But he didn't completely forget his military training. He'd read that chapter in the general staff training handbook which tells you how to retain command of a situation even though you're flagrantly in the wrong.

So he turned round on me. As we had no interest in this country, why had we been flying over it?

"Because we were on our way to Santa Rosa," I explained.

Why were we going to Santa Rosa? I nearly told him as Santa Rosa was not in his country I thought the question unnecessary. Then I remembered the *peon* who collected watches. I explained that Miss Caldwell was going on holiday. She'd never been to Santa Rosa before. It was, I added bitterly, one of the few places possessing a casino which had not been visited by Miss Caldwell.

THE general smiled and said that but for certain internal complications which were making his unhappy country most unsettled he'd have been overjoyed to have escorted us to Santa Rosa in person. So far as the casino was concerned he had a system. . . .

All this was very fine and friendly, and I began to feel that I could relax. I felt so good with life that I even began to take a more tolerant view of Adele. After all, she was young and she'd been pampered. Her particular brand of looks, too, had much to do with the pampering. Making due allowances, she wasn't a bad kid at heart. She. . . .

Then I froze.

She was smiling her sweetest as she stepped forward, and the old general was lapping it up like a cat with a basin of cream. "I'm not going to have you deceived," she said. "Tam Watkins, my pilot, wasn't speaking the truth."

I gasped; but that didn't stop her.

"You see," she explained calmly. "He's English. They always try to make a thing sound as good as possible. The truth of the matter is that I wanted to get a look at your country. We faked the accident. . . ."

"If you think that cut-out was faked!" I yelled.

JUST what else she told the general I'd no chance of knowing. I was dragged off, struggling for all I was worth. But there were too many of them and I was bustled along a narrow passage which ended in twin prison-cells. I was flung into one of these, on to straw which reminded me of the shed which had been our first stop. A heavy bolt shot home.

Even while I was telling myself that I was in solitary confinement, I was crossing to a small barred window. It looked out on a barren patch of ground and a bare wall. Something about that wall frightened me; but it took a minute or so to work out just what. Then I understood. The bricks were whitewashed and at a certain height from the ground they were cracked and pitted.

I seemed to hear thousands of watches ticking relentlessly, and there was a whispered: "Tell me, Señor, have you a silver watch?"

MAYBE it was the same day, though it seemed a couple of hundred years later, that I was disturbed by a tapping. I'd overcome certain fastidious reluctances and had stretched myself in the straw. After I'd decided that the tapping wasn't part of a dream texture, I stood up and crossed to the window.

"Not the window, silly!" said a familiar voice. "I'm in the next cell. Hadn't you realized there's a small grille between them?"

I moved towards the voice, and found the grille. My hands explored the wire mesh.

"Satisfied?" I asked quietly. I hoped my words would sound like caustic acid.

"It didn't turn out quite as I wanted. But you shouldn't have struggled."

"You shouldn't have spoken," I said grimly.

"Well, you'd made me out to be a pretty poor specimen. And I didn't like hurting the poor general. I could see that he rather liked me. So I had to speak up for myself."

"Which you did very well," I said bitterly. "I suppose they've put us in here because the hotel's crowded. And we'll have the general's limousine to take us to the frontier in the morning!"

"You're not being funny," she said. "And you're all wrong anyway. I admit that I didn't play the right cards. I told him of my interest in health conditions, and the book I'm busy writing. . . ."

"Worst possible thing you could tell him," I said. "The only book a military man approves is the one he writes himself."

"I found that out. He's moving me tomorrow—to the Hotel Del Norte, on the Santa Rosa road. We're arriving there at seven in the evening." Her voice faltered, then gained strength. "Listen, Tam. You must escape. Get to the President—you know, Señor Tejada. If he sends a rescue party he'll be able to seize General Lola. If he'll lead it, he'll become a sort of hero. Gosh! Won't that be a thrill!"

"Pardon me, lady," I said quietly. "There's something you've overlooked."

"What?" she asked swiftly.

"Just that I happen to be locked in this cell. Presumably somebody has taken away the key. I'm as mobile as an aeroplane without juice inside a locked hangar."

"Have you tried feeling just under the door?" she asked with infuriating calmness.

When I'd found the key and slipped it into my pocket, I returned to the grille.

"Just how did you (*Continued on page* 64)

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

"Careful does it, young man!"

Your jeweller could tell you a lot about the care that goes into a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch. Take just one example. A Swiss watchmaker with half a lifetime's skill at his fingertips will spend more than an hour making sure that a single jewel's position on the lever is right to a hairsbreadth. For if it isn't, that watch won't be quite accurate.

But this care of hand and eye is only half the Swiss story. Watchmaking is a science as well as an art. And if ever a delicate new instrument, an ingenious electronic device, can help the handcraftsman—the Swiss adopt it—in fact it's generally they who invent it!

When you choose such a piece of skilled work as a good Swiss watch, choose with the help of a skilled adviser. Your jeweller will turn watch technicalities into ordinary language. And remember, whatever good Swiss watch you buy, your jeweller will hold himself responsible for its accuracy *all the years you own it.*

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Gleneagles
HOTEL
Perthshire

Britain's Distinguished Resort for Fashionable Recreation
attracts its clientele
from all over the world

★

OPEN EASTER
TO OCTOBER

★

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the resident Manager.

HOTELS EXECUTIVE · LONDON N.W.1

IS

there a 'regulator' in the house? If not, get LIXEN today—the vegetable laxative the family will *like* to take—liquid or lozenges. LIXEN is a gentle 'regulator'.

Lixen
THE
good-natured
LAXATIVE
It's an Allenburys Product
In liquid form 2/10 · 5/4
Lozenges in bottles 2/6

L.71L

estimate," hissed Tancred in her ear, "three hundred each."

"So much? I—I mean, all at once?"

"Per annum."

The ready tears stood in her eyes. "How quite, quite wonderful." Really the dear girls being so plain, and therefore unlikely to marry, hardly mattered now. They could continue their education and enter the Civil Service.

Mr. Sparrow wiped his glasses and blinked shortsightedly.

"Now we come to a codicil, dated the first of March this year. "I leave to my niece, Viola Pangbourne, my oil painting by Sebastiano del Piombo, entitled. . . ."

"Well I'm damned!" said Bartram. "I mean . . . well I *am* damned."

"Not even to the nation!" said Tancred.

"But it's worth a fortune!" said Martita.

Viola smiled at Perry. "Aren't I lucky?"

Peregrine was tapping his case with a slightly crumpled cigarette. "It's a very sensible choice, I think."

"Oh, granted," said Mr. Sparrow, "granted, though a little surprising."

"Well," said Bartram again, "congratulations. You'll sell of course."

"Oh, no."

"Not?" Tancred looked at her in amazement.

"You can't mean it?" asked Martita.

"Oh yes I do," said Viola casually.

PEREGRINE turned a warm, rather puzzled face towards her.

"You're not surprised?"

"No."

"Why not?"

She looked at the lawyer, twisting his spectacle case between his fingers.

"The picture is worthless."

"What?" said Bartram. "It can't be. We'd always been told it was extremely valuable."

"Everyone knows a Sebastiano del Piombo is almost beyond price," said Tancred.

"But it isn't a Sebastiano del Piombo," said Viola, "it's merely a rather poor copy."

"The thing is very easily proved," said Bartram, "we can get the experts on to it. But I hardly think that Uncle Ughtred was the man to be hoodwinked."

"But I've already told you," said Viola, "I can settle it myself."

PEREGRINE glanced at her, and poured himself another glass of wine.

"The thing wants cleaning so badly," said Bartram, "it's difficult enough to *see* the subject, let alone anything else."

Viola laughed. "Nothing easier, if you know how. I hate to spoil the story, but *I* painted that slightly depressing copy."

"You!" exclaimed Bartram.

"For what reason?" asked Tancred.

"How clever of you, dear!" said Martita.

Viola's arched eyebrows rose yet higher. "Have you ever heard of a little art dealer, living in Florence, who goes by the name of Raffaellino? I painted that picture because I was commissioned by him to do it. He's an old scallywag, but I like him. He has a Latin sense of humour."

"But, look here, Viola," said Bartram, "did Uncle Ughtred know you'd made this copy? Because, if so, realizing it was a fake, why (a) did he make such a song about it during his lifetime and (b) leave it to you after his death?"

"If I might interpose just for one moment," said Mr. Sparrow, "I hardly think your uncle can have been aware of the facts as he always referred to the picture in my presence as 'the masterpiece.'"

"He certainly led me to suppose it was genuine," said Tancred.

"He often praised it to me," said Martita.

"Oh, coming to that," said Bartram, "I remember his saying to me that it was his proudest possession. But, look here, let's get this straight. I believe I've got it. You mean, don't you, that what we're looking at is the copy you made, and that the original which Uncle Ughtred bought has been put elsewhere for safety's sake?"

"What do you think, Perry?" asked Viola.

The Masterpiece

HER cousin set down an empty wine glass. "I'm not very clever at conundrums."

"Nor at other things," she suggested sweetly. "Well, I think it's my story now. I made that copy at Raffaellino's request a couple of months ago. He told me that an English gentleman desired to purchase one, and, being aware, both of the English gentleman's name and mine, and the fact that they were similar, it amused him to give me the commission. Also, he happened to know that I would made a sufficiently good job of it. It would not have deceived an expert, but it served Perry's purpose all right, didn't it, Perry?"

"*What?*" interrupted Bartram. "How on earth d'you mean?"

"You're not for one moment suggesting . . ." began Tancred.

"My dear lady, this is a most serious insinuation," said Mr. Sparrow.

"I expect it's just a little joke," said Martita.

Peregrine's face was expressionless. "Your friend seems to be possessed of a vivid imagination," he said.

"On the contrary," replied Viola. "He's a very practical man, Raffaellino. Charged you quite a bit, didn't he, Perry? And when he'd taken his rake-off, *I* made a very pleasant little packet. Don't look so shocked, Mr. Sparrow, I haven't finished the story yet.

"You probably remember that when Uncle Ughtred had his second stroke, and was taken off to the nursing home, the doctors gave him, at the longest, a matter of months, and Perry, as the only one of us with any leisure to speak of, undertook to make an inventory of his things, close the house, and give the keys to Mr. Sparrow."

"Which he did," said the lawyer. "Most punctiliously."

"Having," said Viola, "first removed Uncle Ughtred's cherished masterpiece from its frame, and substituted my—now I come to look at it—by no means contemptible daub."

"This," said Peregrine, a cigar between his lips, "is not only fantastic: it's libellous."

"And when Perry goes to New York next week, the picture goes with him, how I don't pretend to know, not being intimately acquainted with our dear cousin's shadier friends. At present it's reposing in his flat, and if nobody believes me I suggest we go in a body and search the place. If we don't find it, there are, of course, other methods. . . ."

"I THINK," said Bartram, "this had better be left to me. I have the rather doubtful advantage of being the eldest. You say, Viola, that you executed that picture. . . ."

"I never execute pictures: I paint 'em."

"I mean that. I repeat, that Viola contends that the original was removed after Uncle Ughtred was taken to the nursing home, and the servants had been dismissed, and when only Peregrine had access to the house."

"Oh I had access to it, too," said Viola, coolly.

"What?" said Peregrine sharply.

"I was not aware . . ." said Mr. Sparrow.

"That I had a key? Uncle Ughtred gave me one during his first illness. When we went abroad together, in spite of the fact that he had fully recovered, he asked me to keep it. So I did."

"The decanter is empty, Peregrine," interrupted Tancred, reproachfully. "I—I'm sorry, Viola."

"Not at all. Therefore, you see, I was in a position to enter the house after it was officially empty. In fact I paid it one visit, and that was a week after my return from Italy where I had been diligently carrying out Raffaellino's commission."

"I don't understand dear, and I'm quite sure the whole thing's quite easily explained so far as Perry's concerned," said Martita, "but d'you mean you brought that great thing with you, through the customs and everything?"

"Dear me no," said Viola. "Me 'ands are clean—relatively. I (*Continued on page* 68)

FATHER SAYS:

"I like the long life of Dunlopillo. It really saves my money".

MOTHER SAYS:

"Dunlopillo saves me hours of work every week. No turning, no dust or fluff, and so easy to handle!"

TOMMY SAYS:

"It's like sleeping on air".

GRANDMA SAYS:

"It's been awarded the "Good Housekeeping" Seal of Quality, so it must be good".

GRANDPA SAYS:

"Never known such deep comfort. Nothing hard or lumpy however long you're in bed . . . really kind to old bones, I'd say".

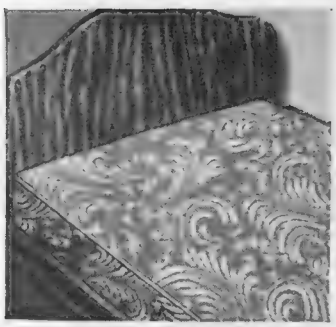
COUSIN MOLLY SAYS:

"Mother says, dances and parties don't help a girl's complexion. But gosh! Late night or not, how I steep on Dunlopillo . . . and how fresh I look next day!"

Bedtime Family Favourite

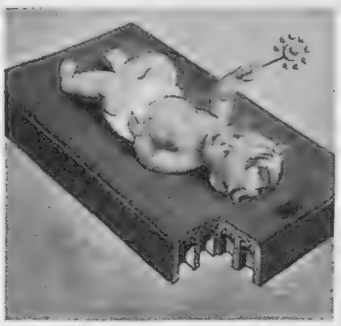
DUNLOPILLO is the mattress *par excellence* for comfort, convenience and true economy. It offers perfect sleeping comfort in all seasons and all climates. For Dunlopillo is made from pure latex foam—which should never be confused with ordinary sponge rubber. With its millions of tiny self-ventilating air cells Dunlopillo latex foam is the most durable and satisfactory cushioning known to man.

PRICES (Inc. P.T.) range from **£13 15s. 0d.** for the 'Famous Four' single bed mattress to **£30 15s. 0d.** for the super comfort 'Deep Six' double bed size. Cot mattress **£5 5s. 0d.** (for 4′ × 2′ cot).

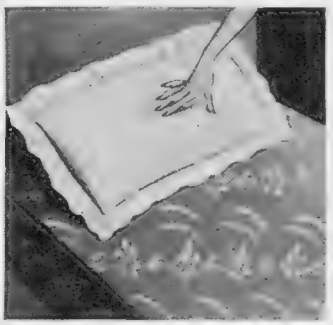


There's no mattress to equal a DUNLOPILLO mattress. DUNLOPILLO has everything!

DUNLOPILLO upholstery and loose cushions make any chair a favourite chair.



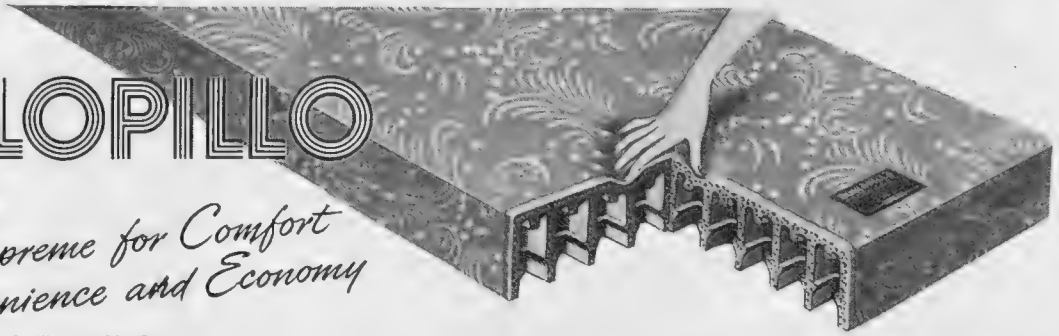
Baby deserves a DUNLOPILLO Cot Mattress; it gives precisely the right support.



The NEW Dunlopillo Super Soft Pillow is the perfection of pillow comfort.

THE DUNLOPILLO mattress

Supreme for Comfort Convenience and Economy



Write for illustrated Leaflet to:

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (Dunlopillo Division), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9
LONDON: 77 KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.3

FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

2D/D6

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer the following RECORD PRICES

£5-£105, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£10-£100, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£20-£500, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£55, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£5-£2,500 for One, Two, Three or Five Stone Diamond Rings.

Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

Valuations by Qualified Expert
(Fellow Gemmological Association)

If you cannot call personally send your parcel by REGISTERED POST. It will be quite safe, and you will receive an immediate Cash Offer with no obligation to sell.

M. HAYES & SONS LTD.
106 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

Turnberry
HOTEL
AYRSHIRE

•

Scotland's famous seaside resort. The full 18 holes of the famous Ailsa Golf Course now in play.

Nearest railway station—Girvan. Hotel cars meet trains.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the resident Manager.

The Hotels Executive,
British Transport, London, N.W.1

leave Raffaellino to his own little games. Well, as I said, I came here one evening last week; you, my dear Perry, were laid up with an attack of migraine, if you remember. I rang you up so as to avoid any disconcerting meetings. . . ."

"This is a *most* extraordinary story," muttered Mr. Sparrow unhappily.

". . . and I found, as I expected to find," continued Viola, "my laborious work of art sitting very snug in its frame. You made a good job of that, Perry. Did you get someone to help you?"

HE looked at her, his drooping lids heavier than ever. "You haven't one scrap of evidence with which to corroborate this tissue of lies."

"But I have. There's the evidence of Raffaellino for a start."

"That crook!"

"I wouldn't call him that. Of course he has an international reputation—which is why, presumably, you went to him—but there's no need to be too severe. Then again, we've only to call in the experts to see this daub and pronounce it, without deference to my feelings, worthless."

"Well, I must confess I don't like the look of things," said Bartram, "I'm no lawyer, but in my view it appears that you've got to explain away rather a lot, Perry. I think the best thing we can do is to have an expert down to see the picture to-morrow."

"Personally," said Tancred, "I am inclined to suggest that we do something about it to-day. Heaven knows I'm the last man to harbour unjust suspicion. . . ."

"Oh, but that's ridiculous," said Martita, with her tearful smile. "I'm quite, quite sure. . . ."

"I am confident," said Mr. Sparrow, "that if Peregrine has any satisfactory explanation to give that he will not hesitate to do so."

"I have none."

"In which case," continued the lawyer more unhappily still, "I must ask Miss Viola if she persists in her accusation which, I am sure she is the first to recognize, amounts to a charge of theft."

"What about it, Perry?" said Viola. And, receiving no reply and no change of expression from that immovable countenance, she added: "As a matter of curiosity one supposes—for reasons of policy—you have not had one of the reputable critics to look at the original."

"No," said Peregrine slowly and with great calm. "I assumed that Uncle Ughtred, a sound man of business, knew what he was about. Especially with you to guide him. Our revered uncle died a week too soon. I had intended to sail for the States next Monday, and later to take up a temporary domicile in Brazil, where the laws of extradition do not apply."

"Really, Peregrine!" exclaimed Tancred.

"Anyhow," said Martita, "the picture is yours, Viola."

"It always was," she assured them. "I painted that one as well."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the startled Mr. Sparrow.

"IT was Uncle Ughtred's little joke," she continued. "He knew he could hoodwink the lot of you and, I regret to say, he had his suspicions of Perry. I did the thing when we were in Florence together. We let Raffaellino into the secret: he was enormously tickled and offered to get it over here for us. So we let him. And we also saw to it, by a few judicious hints, dropped now and again, that if anyone did happen to take a rather marked interest in this particular game, Raffaellino was their man. Which was most helpful to Perry."

"None of you seems to me to come out of this particularly well," began Bartram.

"The mercy is that for one thing you're all such Philistines," said Viola cheerfully, "and for another that you haven't even the glimmering of an idea that Uncle Ughtred could no more have afforded to buy a genuine Sebastiano del Piombo, assuming there'd been one available, than he could have paid the National Debt."

Peregrine, clearing a little space before him, took a cheque book out of his pocket.

"But what are you going to do?" asked Tancred.

"That is entirely a matter for Miss Viola to decide," said Mr. Sparrow.

"I do trust there is not going to be any unpleasantness," said Martita.

"Oh none—none at all," said Peregrine, and pushed a cheque across the table towards Viola.

"What's this?" she demanded, her lively face not in the least shocked, but merely alert and interested. "Hush money?"

"No," he replied, "your share of the swag, I sold that picture last week."

END

The World's Worst Story

(*Continued from page* 28)

than formal while she was reporting and editing his sermons for newspaper publication. And that, in the shadow of his first wife's death.

IN her teens Harriet did not improve. At thirteen she entered sister Catherine's school as a pupil, but within two years was part-time teacher.

At eighteen she became a full-time schoolmarm. When at twenty-one she went with most of the family in the wake of father Lyman to colonize the West for Calvinism, it seemed as if she might break free from being the inferiority complexed, younger sister.

But no, quite shortly she was back in the routine as one of the staff of lady instructors in the Misses Beecher school.

The West, in those days of 1832, was the rip-roaring, rising town of Cincinnati, a loud-mouthed, plague-visited place on the border of the black slave belt.

To Harriet from the small-town Eastern seaboard state of Connecticut, here was life and civilization.

She joined a literary society, won first prize and publication with a short story and then wrote her first book—a best seller. It was, in fact, a geography book for schools, written as a story instead of a string of facts.

But on the cover of the published copy appeared only her elder sister's name as author!

Was she too shy, too unsure of herself, too browbeaten, to insist on at least a share of the glory in this little text-book that sold well over 100,000 copies in its time?

Now she began to write and sell other stories that were part-sermon, part-folktale. The family and friends came to look on "our Harriet, the author," as an established person in her own right. Then at twenty-four, nine-tenths on the shelf of spinsterhood, she married Calvin Stowe, a widower of twelve months, whose pretty wife had been a welcome friend to her.

On all counts Mr. Stowe should have carried Harriet to the heights. As a student he had been classed as a genius: he was a Hebrew scholar of the first water: had been made a Professor of Divinity at an extremely early age, and in Cincinnati, on the staff of the Seminary under Dr. Beecher, he had the future at his feet.

But on a colour bar question the college split. Most of the students were expelled. Dr. Beecher, away at the time, failed to be strong on his return. For more than a decade there were to be few students and little funds. But as Beecher stuck to his appointment, so Stowe stuck to him. And they both went downhill to poverty.

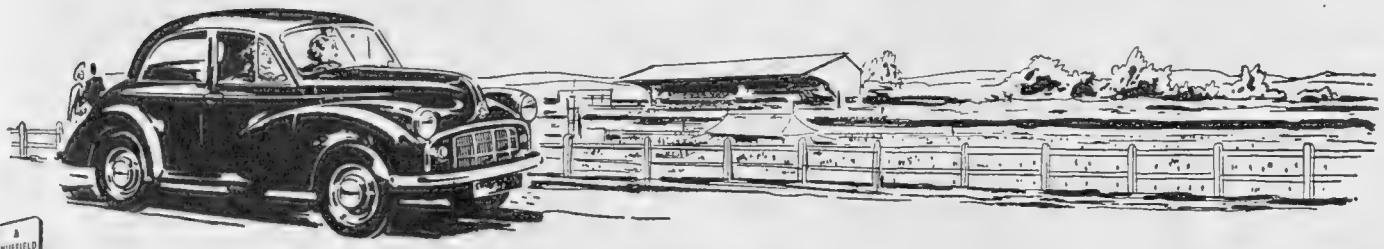
And for awakening Harriet the brilliance of the West was dust and ashes and the plague. Until 1850 she was chained to child-bearing—to making ends meet—to being the poor relation—the drudge. (*Continued on page* 70)

In a new and higher class of its own—

THE Quality First

MORRIS

In its styling, interior appointments, superfine finish and in its performance too, the "Quality First" Morris has entered a new and higher class entirely its own.



A NUFFIELD PRODUCT

Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CIIID

Gently does it...

The delicate balance of a baby's system is one of the most sensitive things. When some minor upset disturbs the little tummy, only the very gentlest of help is needed. Keep baby's tummy peaceful with 'Milk of Magnesia'* —it so sweetly and gently does it.

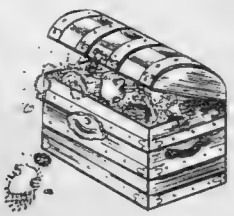
'Milk of Magnesia'

* REGD. TRADE MARK

Antacid-laxative

For Wind, Colicky Pains, Constipation and all Minor Upsets.

Treasure Hunt



It is not surprising, with so many people treasure-hunting for fine knitwear, that you may have a deal of searching to do for a Barrie creation. These beautiful garments are, of course, the natural choice of men and women whose possessions reflect their appreciation of good things. As with all such treasures, Barrie knitwear is expensive, for only the finest Cashmere, Shetland, and real Lambswool are used in the Barrie mills, and the best is rarely the cheapest. Into each of them goes the traditional skill of Hawick craftsmen—skilled hands attending tiny details. While people overseas continue to demand more of the best in knitwear, it is regretted that home supplies must remain limited. But weary not. Aladdin may smile upon you in your treasure hunt.

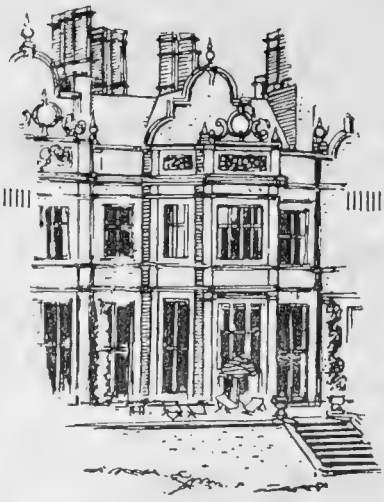
Jolly Roger's clue: Hunt only in the better shops and stores for Barrie treasures.

Barrie

KNITWEAR

CASHMERE · LAMBSWOOL · SHETLAND

BARRIE & KERSEL · HAWICK · SCOTLAND



WELCOMBE

HOTEL

STRATFORD - UPON - AVON

★

Shakespeare's genius immortalised not only his memory but the Countryside he knew so well in leafy Warwickshire, especially the beautiful grounds of the Welcombe Hotel, which were once part of his estate.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

HOTELS EXECUTIVE · LONDON N.W.1

Every virtue you associate with a really fine toy can be summed up in the one word **'Kiddicraft'**

Kiddicraft

'SENSIBLE' TOYS

Designed by Hilary Page

POST YOUR FILMS

TO WILL R. ROSE LTD 23, BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER

ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH ST. OXFORD & 25 THE PROMENADE CHELTENHAM

AND GET 'MAGNA PRINTS' (REGD)

★ *Send for Price List and Wrapper for easy posting*

Besides her children, she took in boarders, started a small school in her home and "our Harriet, the author," was a forgotten spark of the past.

So she came to the age of thirty-nine and a return to the Eastern states. With patched, worn clothes on this journey she and the children were taken for vagrants. Nor could she deny it. They were vagrants in Brunswick, but welcomed with the greatest kindness by the wives of the college staff where Professor Stowe had secured an even worse-paid job than his last.

HARRIET was now brought to bed of her seventh child as her husband got up to his ears in debt. The future was plain black. In this hour the husband was helpless, the wife firm. She would write again, she decided. Her stories began to be taken by an editor she knew. As anti-slavery agitation rose once more to be named a national disgrace, a sister-in-law told Harriet that she should write a story on the subject.

"I will write something. I will, if I live," promised the tired, worn woman.

It was in church that she fell into one of her moods and day-dreamed a scene of two brutal blacks whipping a white-haired old slave to death. Later, she wrote this picture into words and as it lay on her desk her husband read it. Tears streamed down his face as he begged her to make it into a complete tale.

Harriet wrote to her editor that she "would be sending in a rather longer story than usual —three or four instalments." The editor offered generous pay. Three hundred dollars.

SO she began to write. At the end of the fourth instalment the story had hardly begun. Memories of Cincinnati flooded back. The river steamers with black slaves chained to each other: reward notices for runaways, a brother's meeting with a white man whose fists were rock-hard from hitting slaves, the trip into Kentucky to an estate where slaves had been treated kindly, not least of all, riots in Cincinnati's own streets.

Without a pause—no time to revise or correct her manuscript—Harriet wrote and wrote. The editor grew alarmed, suggested she stopped. Readers were delighted, begged her to continue. The instalments flowed on and instead of three or four they mounted to forty!

But the pay remained at the original 300 dollars.

The World's Worst Story

Harriet was physically exhausted with the task, so her husband negotiated for book publication. Too poor to pay half the costs—and take half the profits—he had to accept for her a royalty of ten per cent on sales. And the optimistic publisher printed five thousand copies.

"I hope it will bring me enough to buy a silk dress like Mrs. Upham's," wished Harriet.

On March 20, 1852, she held her first copy. On that day 3,000 were sold. Within the week *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, without advertising or reviews, was selling at the rate of 10,000 copies a week. In the north it was received with rapture. In the south with cries of rage. In Europe it was published as pirated editions.

HARRIET had her silk dress, her husband gave up what little will he had to work and settled to be consort to the most famous woman in the world.

The ugly duckling at long last became such a swan that her famous brothers were dimmed by comparison. In a life that was to be long—she lived to eighty-five—she wrote thirty books, poems, hymns, lectures, stories. At home, she was welcomed royally everywhere; in England, the nobility opened their doors to "sedate, perky Mrs. Stowe," and even Queen Victoria received her.

Yet in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were more than words of protest against slavery. Harriet had written a chapter into the history of the world—a chapter that made Abraham Lincoln a President, that brought death to her beloved nephews, that set her country on fire with civil war and at last freed the four million black pieces in human bondage.

All the same, it is not a good literary book. Black hero, white villain, little angel child are sentimental. The story is made of two thin plots and there is no love interest. The writing is often careless, oftener sickly sentimental, oftener still it is writing for the sake of writing. For its place among the biggest best-sellers it is certainly the world's worst.

But—it is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

And as Harriet Beecher Stowe always insisted: "The Lord wrote it. I was but an instrument in His hand!"

Dear Harriet, so hard-working, so put upon, so tired, so dowdy. She deserved that silk dress more than most.

END

Capri (*Continued from page* 13)

It was the driving of the island's first road instead of the 800 steps up to Anacapri, somehow signifying safety and modernity, that set in motion the procession of exotic human *fauna* which was to contribute more than any tourists to Capri becoming the most publicised spot for its size in the whole world.

Mr. Norman Douglas's *South Wind* remains the book of Capri, although it borrows from Ponza and the Lipari Islands. The author writes: "It was the result of my craving to escape from the wearisome actualities of life. To picture yourself living in a society of such instability, of such 'jovial immoderation' and 'frolicsome perversity' that even a respectable bishop can be persuaded to approve of a murder—this was my aim."

In the book itself there occurs this amplifying comment: "There was something bright and diabolical in the tone of the place, something kaleidoscopic—a frolicsome perversity. Purifying, at the same time. It swept away the cobwebs. It gave you a measure, a standard, whereby to compute earthly affairs."

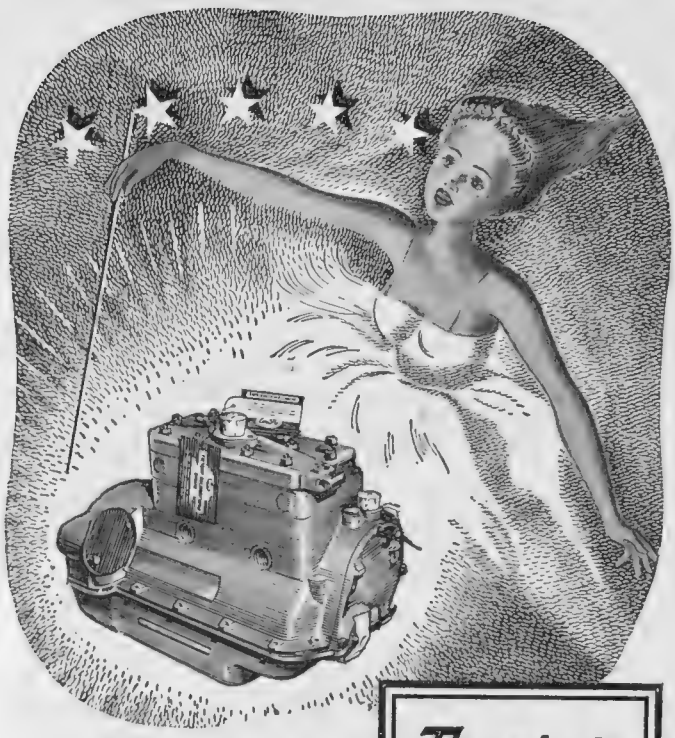
After sixty-four years on and off the island, Mr. Douglas is back there to-day, a venerable, white-haired figure strolling on the little piazza above the Marina Grande in the noonday and evening hours, or seated with friends at a café. "The piazza at Capri, with its clock tower over the footpath that leads up from the harbour, with the church up a flight of steps, is a perfect setting for an opera by Donizetti, and you felt that the voluble crowd might at any moment break out into a rattling chorus. It was charming and unreal." So, a second master, Mr. Somerset Maugham (*The Lotus Eater*).

Had I Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Extraordinary Women* by me, I'd quote from it too —and make no apology. Capri has been a refuge from wells of loneliness and here is to be found the treatment: much mirth yet without laughing at the thing itself. The writings of such men and of foreign delineators past and present (Nietsche, Gorki) have been "for much" in forging the Capri that has come about; nature following art again.

A QUEER salad of nature, some will say. Yes. Yet the catch at any one time has been as much a part of Capri as the cuttlefish and anchovy caught miles out by the true heirs of the isle. The economy of the island has grown around its foreign *fauna*, without whom very little could be got from Naples, seventeen miles across the bay.

There are many more imported Italians, than there are born islanders, and each kind has its own attitude towards the semi and permanent foreign stayaways—for such is what they are at bottom, stayaways from their own countries for an assortment of reasons, worthy and understandable, piquant and scabrous, pathological and political, physical and temperamental. Capri soothes and caresses them.

The sun, the air, the moon, the wine, the swimming, the caves, the flowers, the gossip, the peacock-parading; the absence of wheeled traffic (as recently as 1947 there was bother about getting a bath-chair in)—all are welcome in varying degree by the normal and the neurotic. (*Continued on page* 72)



Thanks to
FORD LEADERSHIP

The EnFo Engine Exchange Plan

provides your old Ford with many extra years of life — a very important consideration under present day car-supply conditions:

- ★ *Ford Dealers maintain a stock of Replacement Engines* ready on demand.
- ★ *Each replacement engine conforms to the standards of workmanship of the original* and carries the same guarantee.
- ★ *The Plan saves you* time — *the job is completed in a matter of hours.*
- ★ *The Plan saves you* money — *the cost is less than that of a re-bore and general overhaul.*
- ★ *The Plan is operated at all Ford Main Dealers throughout the country.*

EnFo: *Our genuine parts and accessories are now marketed under the trade mark* ***EnFo.***

Ford

MOTORING IS 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING
THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED DAGENHAM

Only **Helena Rubinstein can give you** *'a skin like Silk'*

The genius of Helena Rubinstein, the world's leading beauty authority, brings you this new *Silk* make-up. Actually made of *pure silk*. Face powder—*Silk* face powder—to veil your skin in a wondrous film of transparent, glamourising *silk*. *Silk Tone* foundation to blend naturally with the Silk powder. *Silk* lipstick and *Silk* Rouge-en-Creme to complete the most beautiful make-up ever created. Thousands upon thousands of women all over the world agree that even Helena Rubinstein has never brought them such certainty of beauty and skin loveliness before.
Expensive?—to make, yes. But not to buy—when you find what silk make-up can do for your skin!

Helena Rubinstein

REAL SILK MAKE-UP

Silk Face Powder 11/8, 22/6.
Silk Tone Foundation 10/10, 20/10.
for Dry Skins 10/10, 20/10.
Silk Lipsticks in nine lustrous reds 11/8.
Silk Rouge-en-Creme 8/4, (inc. tax).

3 Grafton St., London, W.1. Tel.: Grosvenor 7501

Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother — when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs'. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

Tregenna Castle

HOTEL

ST. IVES CORNWALL

•

One of the most celebrated Hotels in the West of England. Open all the year round.

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager

The Hotels Executive, London, N.W.1

Because all are recognized to be tops.

No lighter, more joyful table wine than a real Capri, preferably drunk at the farm of the family that makes it; no surer sunshine, no purer air than Capri's; no moon casts a lovelier silver slant over the sea; no plunge more delectable than Capri's into warm, invigorating, immediately deep blue; no blossoming like Capri's 850 indigenous flora; no gossiping . . . well, islands are notoriously ingrowing, but scandal seems to flourish on Capri on a par with the tropical vegetation.

Capri is no place for half-tones and pastel shades. Everything about it is overcharged. The colours are true but so vivid : a brilliant medley, canopied by a deep blue sky. When not whitewashed, farms are volcanic red, foreigners' places pink and blue—anything bright and striking. Windows are aflame with cacti and carnations; the roadway is black; porches are green with the vine; lemon groves for yellow; brown bodies and blue caves; the wine must be purple and the lilies red, and the flaming sunsets over Ischia must be seen, to be credited.

CAPRI is too small for what it has taken aboard, and this goes for precipices as well as people. Its beauty is as sheer as the 900 ft. cliff on the east coast; but there is no room for lovely walks and shimmering sands. The island is nine miles round, but once you've explored up above, from Anacapri to Mt. Solaro (1,900 ft.), it can only be repeated. Capri is a microcosm whose perfection of *décor* and lineaments may have been inspired by some frenzied Prometheus—granted—but it is all too cramped.

The people, too, are overcharged—though not necessarily with *vino* and cocktails. To begin with, there are far too many of them on a mere fifty square miles, only strips and particles of which are inhabited. I see the 1936 census gave 12,000 and an average of 60,000 foreign visitors annually. I suppose twelve per cent can safely be added to the former. So it has been, at any rate, with the rest of Italy.

Not many of the old Capri stock that used only to fish and farm, are left. Inter-marriage with the mainland has seen to that—and drawn many hundreds to the island. Most of to-day's peasants thrive parasitically at the expense of foreign visitors. In fact the peasants are on the whole better-off than the *stranieri* who visit their "humble" cottages.

Post-war Capri has conjured something new in foreigners—what might be termed the Hollywood influence.

This has been matched by a European current, in which Scandinavia, Benelux, Britain, France, Germany, and escapees from Iron Curtain countries, commingle and produce a type I heard referred to as "the smart existentialist" and "the posh bohemian." Between the two, America and a glorified existentialism that washes, Capri has become the haunt of a well-off-to-rich international set, whose landmark could well be Gracie's restaurant, night club and pool, in the last of which King Farouk and his bride dodged cameras on their honeymoon.

The King has bought the villa of Edda Ciano. Edda used to be scornfully referred to by the islanders as "the Mussolini woman." She had rich friends, including one in particular, who had the odd name of Cuantecler. Edda had all her lingerie and blouses monogrammed E.C.M.—Edda Ciano Mussolini. A playgirl with a brain and strength of character.

WHO are permanents or semi-so? Who the tourists? All try to look and act like old hands, which makes it difficult to sort things out on the piazza and harder still in the score or more of dance-places, so restricted is the space and so packed are the posteriors.

Capri is like a hot-house with a gorgeous drop-scene. Its theatricalism is inescapable, from the honouring of patron St. Costanzo to more pagan observances, and may account for the island's popularity with stage and screen folk.

No clothes are too original for the enchanted isle. Here they come—two elderly women in blood-red shorts, white peekaboo halters festooned with artificial flowers, three-inch heels, and trailing long scarfs behind them on the pathway. The males favour three-quarter length, blue denim trousers, held up by a multi-coloured sash, and light blue denim shirts, which are worn wide open when hairy chests can be revealed.

Chatter, gossip, scandal, rumours and scares. The piazza is the forcing-centre of them all. No place like an island for the quintet, and Capri caps the lot. Such a high proportion of these people have only themselves and their affairs in relation to the stormy outside world to talk about.

Fortunate is the minority having work, compelling interests or hobbies, though the majority would not agree. Why on earth come to Capri to work or "have interests"? It isn't made for such things !

I noticed one thing in particular that Gracie said about her Boris. "When you ask him to meet you at ten o'clock he has been known to turn up at two in the afternoon—and also a couple of times at eight in the morning. He runs his life on the lines of doing just what he wants to do, and he seems mostly to want to do useful or kindly things." I don't know how common the last part is among the foreign legion, but the first part shows that Mr. Alberovich has not been twenty years on Capri for nothing : the "certain timelessness" is as Caprilian as the dark forest that seemingly covers his chest.

AT noon the sirocco may brush tenderly on its morning ripple over the Tyrrhenian, and that's the principal cause of the island's overcharged atmosphere. It can make people do strange things, act oddly out of character. The natives are immunised; it's the northerners who get it. It has been known to wreck marriages and even love affairs. The fishermen aver there are fifty-seven varieties of south wind—such is the number—and one or another of the moist African breezes may be relied upon for much of the year. It is worst in summer, stifling and sticky.

After the *siesta* is over, the sirocco has usually died away for the day and out comes the foreign legion in its ultra beach wear. Shall it be by water round to some favourite rocks for sun-bathing and a swim? When navigable the famous Blue Grotto is usually full of tourists; a pity, for even the genuine old hand never tires of its magical light-blue transparency.

Time for tennis, too, and for those short, steep walks to a vantage point where the eye may be filled by palpitating vistas. Or perhaps one catches a rare bus up to Anacapri and so on up to Mt. Solaro, an easy ascent in the long evenings, and with a special wine on its slopes. Lower down there is always Axel Munthe's San Michele, the entry to which was tuppence a year or two ago.

Evening becomes the island and there is no haste to the cocktail hour, as in other climes. In Capri, it may mean any time from 7 to 11 p.m., according to season. From 9 to 11 p.m. in spring, summer and autumn the place to be is one of the cafés which run into one another round the piazza. The women have donned Capri shawls—pieces of cloth in fantastic colours and designs about six feet by four feet. Folded and tucked to the degree of the wearer's ability, they are supposed to express something of their wearer's true personality.

After 11 p.m., and as long as the strongest can take it, is night club time. The twenty-odd *boîtes* open up, make as much noise as possible and the fun starts. The mania for originality is carried to the dance floor with a vengeance. There are no such things as fox-trots, rumbas, sambas or waltzes. Every dance is a creation.

The southern cackle and laughter are only damped by an unruly bay, which is frequently.

It is time smart existentialist Capri found its historian, as Mr. Douglas gave us the golden, pre-1914 years, and Mr. Mackenzie, the tearing twenties. Yet I have a notion we may first hear from neighbouring Ischia, which has become the poets' and intellectuals' haven.

END

Dream corselette, strapless and svelte, in leno and satin elastics, cleverly boned. No. 080, white, pink, black. 32"-40" bust. Approximate retail price £5.19.6

English Rose
the flower of modern foundations

DAINTIFYT BRASSIERE CO., LTD., 475 OXFORD STREET, W.1

Stimulating... ☆ Scintillating ☆

She is the admiration and the secret envy of her friends and those who wonder who she is. She has a fascinating charm expressed in terms of youthful loveliness. She radiates vitality. She keeps her slim trim figure . . . she is the embodiment of good health.

This can be said of you, too, if you use the Pifco Vibratory Massager for a few minutes each day, to renew the tired tissues of your skin, to keep you slim, or to soothe away those aches and pains.

Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores, complete, 88/6 including tax. Write for illustrated folder and name of nearest stockist to: Pifco Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester, 4.

PIFCO
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
Massager

No, not all Braemar twin-sets go for export . . .

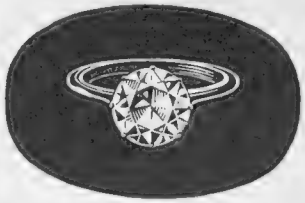
There *are* some Braemar twin-sets about. Not many! And not for long! That's understandable when you think how desirable a Braemar is . . . triumphant in quality . . . kitten-soft and snug . . . exquisitely finished . . . subtle in colour . . . fashion-fresh and right for life today.

We repeat—there are a few Braemars about.

BRAEMAR

INNES, HENDERSON AND COMPANY LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

By Appointment Silversmiths
Hunt & Roskell Ltd.



The gem set ring shown here is selected from the very distinguished collection of fine rings to be seen at our Bond Street Showrooms. May we invite you to call and inspect these and other exquisite jewels at your leisure? An illustrated catalogue of rings is available on request.

Hunt & Roskell Ltd.
IN ALLIANCE WITH
J. W. Benson Ltd.
25 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON · W.1

STOP *leaving*
offensive lipstick smears

especially now, when an exciting new cosmetic makes it so easy to avoid all ugly smears on cigarettes, cups, etc.—it also enables you to save on your lipstick budget.

British beauty experts and chemists have, after long research, produced a wonderful preparation—LIP-COTE—which really stops lipstick smears. By simply applying a thin coating over your lipstick you can keep your lips perfectly groomed for hours on end without touching up.

Safe, colourless and odourless, LIP-COTE holds the rich colour on your lips excitingly fresh and smooth.

Ask for LIP-COTE at your favourite chemist, store or hairdresser, or if any difficulty in obtaining write direct to: B.G.P. (Cosmetics) Ltd., 37 Chesham Place, S.W.1.

15
perfumes!
from all over the world blend to produce its glorious fragrance. This silk-soft powder gives comfort and daintiness to the most sensitive skin.
Cuticura
TALCUM

Andy ADAGES No. 32

It's easy to hurt; hard to cure. Play safe; avoid cuts, bruises and possible infection to your hands in the garden. Wear ANDY Gardening Gloves—they can "take it" and still stay supple and hard-wearing.

"These are the gloves you have heard about."
5/11 per pair from all Ironmongers and stores, or direct 6/2 post free. (State size)
Tedson Thornley & Co., Rochdale

Andy Reg'd GARDEN GLOVES

Knitting

(*Continued from page* 48)

CARDIGAN JUMPER

and inc. 1 st. at end of work on the next and every following 8th row until there are 95 (99) sts. on needle. This will come on the 81st row.

Work 8 rows.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row and 4 sts. at beg. of 2 following alternate rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 following alternate rows and 1 st. at beg. of 3 (5) following alternate rows, at the same time moving the p. stripe outwards as before on every 8th row (70, 72 sts. remain). Continue in patt. on the 70 (72) sts. until completion of the 10th buttonhole.

Work 2 rows.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 27 sts., k. 21, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 19 (21).

2nd row.—Work in patt. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

3rd row.—Cast off 2 sts., work in patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next 3 rows (34, 36 sts.).

9th row.—K. 13, m. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 18 (20).

Work 8 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 12 (12) sts. at beg. of this row and 11 (12) sts. at beg. of 2 following alternate rows.

POCKET TOP

Sl. the 35 sts. for pocket on to a No. 13 needle. Begin at centre edge.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., rib to last 5 sts., turn.

2nd row.—Rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times more, working 5 sts. less on each odd-numbered row.

9th row.—K. 2 tog., rib across 25 sts. Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT

Work to match right front, reading instructions from right to left and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 68 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 11 needles and st.st., inc. 1 st. each end of work on the 7th and every following 6th row until there are 104 sts. on needle. Continue straight until work measures 18 ins.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of work on the next and every alternate row until 48 sts. remain. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off 30 sts.

Work another sleeve to match.

RIBBED BANDS

With No. 13 needles and right side of work facing, begin at left shoulder back. Pick up and k. 160 sts. along the p. stripe to waist, beg. 2 sts. inside to allow for shoulder seam. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 11 rows. Cast off in rib. Work the right side to match, beg. at top of waist welt and ending 2 sts. inside the cast-off edge. Pick up and k. 160 sts. along the p. stripe for right front, beg. 2 sts. inside shoulder edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 11 rows, dec. 1 st. at waist edge on every row. Cast off in rib. Work the left front band to match, beg. at waist and leaving the last 2 sts. free at shoulder edge.

NECKBAND

Back-stitch shoulder seams. With No. 11 needles and right side of work facing, beg. at right front at the 20th cast-off st. (Leave the buttonhole welt free). Pick up and k. 32 sts. to shoulder seam, 42 sts. across back, 32 sts. down left side, ending within the last 20 cast-off sts. P. 1 row. K. 1 row. Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times. K. 1 row for hemline. (K. 1 row, p. 1 row) 5 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under damp cloth with hot iron, omitting all ribbing. Seam-stitch welts and back-stitch side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves and back-stitch. Sew ribbed bands neatly together on the shoulders and sew the shaped pocket edges to shaped ends of bands. Catch down ribbed bands at back to top of welt. Slip-stitch pocket linings to back of work and neaten ends. Turn neckband and front facings inside out and back-stitch ends of neckband and top of front facings on wrong side.

Turn in front facings and slip-stitch. Turn over neckband at hemline and slip-stitch. Work round buttonholes in buttonhole-stitch and sew on buttons to match. Press seams.

END

POCKET PANELS

(*Continued from page* 49)

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 74 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1½ ins. Change to No. 11 needles and continue in st.st. inc. at each end of every 4th row until 100 sts. are on needle, then shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until sts. are reduced ro 66. Now dec. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

NECK BORDER

Join both shoulders. Now, using No. 13 needles and holding the right side of work towards you, work in k. 1, p. 1, across the 14 sts. of right front border. Pick up and k. 108 sts. round neck, and lastly work in k. 1, p. 1, rib across 14 sts. from left front border (136 sts. in all). Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib on all sts. for 1 in., then make a final buttonhole. Work 2 more rows of k. 1, p. 1, then cast off in rib.

POCKET BORDERS (2)

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 10 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins. Cast off.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Oversew borders to front edges, stretching borders slightly as you sew. Join seams and insert sleeves. Fold pocket linings in half and oversew cast-on edge to cast-off edge. Oversew side seams and borders to top of pockets.

END

One Every Minute

(*Continued from page* 12)

"It's okay," Shorty confirmed. "'Appy Mary'll walk it. Not only are the others stuffed, but the bitch has been given a shot of whisky to put the devil in 'er."

A double-fix—what could be more certain? David rushed to get his money on.

Hardly had he rejoined Shorty before the traps flew up and the race was on.

"Why, she—she—she's drunk!" gasped David.

Too true—too horribly true. A perspiring guilty-faced trainer rushed on to the track to collect the inebriate and made an attempt to jump the fence and sneak out with her before the stewards could nab him. It was to no avail. Delighted to (*Continued on page* 76)

The 'Burford' — *a new and distinctive Minty chair*

A contemporary chair of character, with that fine workmanship for which Minty has long been famous. Roomy and supremely comfortable, it is ideally suited to the smaller rooms of today. Many other Minty models of equal luxury are also available.

* *The 'Burford' chair costs as low as £12.12.0d. and matching Settee £21.0.0d. See them at our showrooms or write for particulars.*

* Dept. B,.Minty Ltd., 44/45 High St., Oxford. Showrooms: London—123 Victoria St., S.W.1. Manchester—7/9 Royal Exchange Arcade.

EASY CHAIRS · SETTEES **MINTY** SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

COURT ROYAL

Beautifully Comfortable

FIGURE CONTROL with freedom of movement—you'll find both in this light girdle (1210) from Court Royal's new range. The front satin panel, lightly boned, gives a firm 'tummy' line, deep French Dentellastex sides keep hips slim, and gussets back and front give ease of movement. (The bra. is 7503.) Court Royal also cater for the mature figure with their famous 'Hip-Spring' fitting system. The finish of all garments is of the highest standard.

CORSETS, CORSELETTES, SUSPENDER BELTS AND BRASSIERES—FOR ALL FIGURE TYPES

CHARLES BAYER AND CO. LTD., BATH

(*Wholesale only*)

NEW

the most flattering face-powder

IN THIS BEAUTIFUL *UNSPILLABLE* BOWL!

5/-

BLESSED BEAUTY-AID, Goya face-powder — wonderfully fragrant, clinging as no other face powder clings — has a new pack! Buy Goya now in this pink bowl, screw-topped for travel safety, jeweller-designed for loveliness, it's a buy in a thousand and costs no more than a cardboard box.

Goya

PARIS

NEW YORK

161 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1

hot milk please/

cold for me/

mine with marmalade/

Hot for little girls? Cold for little boys? Bless them — either way the health-giving energy of the whole wheat is there right in the Weetabix. It's just what they want for breakfast, a good meal to start the day. And see how the rest of the family take to it, so easy to serve, so crisp and pleasant to eat and — what is more — such good value for money.

FREE SAMPLE

AND NEW RECIPE LEAFLET

Weetabix is more than a breakfast food; to make new exciting dishes, sweets and snacks, write for free sample and a copy of her new recipe folder to Mrs. Crisp, 18E Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants.

Weetabix

is such a change

FOR BREAKFAST—*FINE FOR SNACKS AND SUPPER TOO*

be in the arms of a man, any man—as a result of the whisky her sense of propriety was appallingly low—Mary expressed her affection by licking the trainer all over the face—her tongue got in his eyes, he misjudged the fence—and plunged forward on his head. He was out so cold the dogs for the next race were already in the traps before he revived. Meanwhile, fickle, slap-Happy Mary, was making love to the steward who was waiting to charge her former favourite.

BACK at the enclosure, David was leaning over the rail, beaten flat. He had plunged the whole of his winnings—two pounds—on Happy Mary only to see it go in drunken debauchery. Straightening, he sighed deeply and started for the exit.

"Where are *you* goin'?"

"Home. I've had enough."

"Enough? Whad yer mean, enough? We 'aven't started yet."

"So far as I'm concerned we've started and finished. I'm off."

"Just a minute."

He paused.

"Well?"

"Well, what about that bird of yours?"

"Bird?"

"The one with the 'air. The one you look at so goofy in the bank. Oh, you can't kid Shorty nothin', kid. I know what your game is. Tryin' to get the dough to buy her a present, eh?"

"Well, not quite, but——"

"There, I told you! All right, so you want dough, eh? So you stick by Shorty. All right—so we take Number Two in the next."

"No, we don't!" said David, firmly. "I've still got two thirds of my wages left. I'm hanging on to them."

"Two thirds of his wages!" said Shorty, scornfully. "Will you listen to 'im? What are you goin' buy her with that—a 'air clip? Get wise to yourself, kid, there's dough to be made in this next race, big dough. Now, come on!"

David hesitated—and was lost. He followed Shorty over to "Perce" and the Honest Giant and with the despair of the damned put all the remnants of his wages—except for his digs-money—on Number Two.

ACCORDING to Shorty, Number Two couldn't possibly lose. He was a ringer—and a ringer, he explained to David, was a first-class dog, worked into a third-class race. Such things, he assured him, could not be done on any but an unlicensed track, such as this one was. Were it under Greyhound Association Rules they would never get away with it—but here, okay. Furthermore, to make sure the Stewards didn't recognize him this particular dog—originally a white one with black front paws—had been painted over brown.

David passed an unsteady hand over his brow. What sort of a business was this which involved stoppers and stuffers and now even artists? And he thought of his stool at the bank and his thick ledgers and his pink blotting paper and, for the first time in his life, rejoiced in their solidity. But there was no time for rejoicing or reverie just then for the marshal's bell had gone and the dogs were going into the traps. Brownie, he observed, had been allotted the same trap as Happy Mary. Fear gripped at David's heart. Was it possible that drunken harlot had left so many fumes in the trap they might also affect Brownie?

But no! When the traps went up, Brownie was first out on the track—within a furlong he had gained a six-lengths lead—at the bend he was still in front—coming into the straight his lead had increased by half a head—and when they reached the post it was Brownie—Brownie all the way!

David gave a great shriek of excitement. Six to one! And a three pounds bet—he had won eighteen quid!

"Ho! ho! This is the life, this is the life!" he chuckled gleefully, rubbing his hands and forgetting at once the solidity of the bank. "Let's collect, boy," he said to Shorty. "Let's collect!"

Shorty was only too keen to. It had started to rain and, deeply versed in these matters, his eyes were upon Brownie. Bit by bit the paint was coming off. First an ear showed through, then a paw, then a piece of his white tail.

"You're not kiddin', mate," said Shorty, in alarm. "Quick—grab your wages!"

But by the time they reached "Perce" and the Honest Giant they, too, had begun to notice the transformation. Once a greyhound, Brownie was now a Dalmatian—and, in the cause of justice, "Perce" was refusing to pay out. The real "Perce"—the Honest Giant—having shed his shyness at the prospect of losing the night's profits was backing up his partner.

On the other hand, those who had wagered on Brownie were arguing that, as he had passed the post and his number was up on the board, they were entitled to receive their winnings. The upshot of it all was one of the punters took a swing at the bookmaker. In reply, the Honest Giant took a swing at him—the punter ducked—David caught it and went down flat on his back.

WHEN he came to, he found himself in a jungle of legs. Everyone seemed to be fighting now—everyone, that was, bar Shorty. Through the various coloured lights which played before his eyes, David could see him standing well back, smiling sardonically, with one hand jammed down in his overcoat pocket, as though he were hiding something.

Catching David's dizzy gaze he jerked his head at him as though to indicate that he wanted him to get up and get out of the mêlée. David made efforts to obey. He struggled to his feet—took another smack on the chin—and sank back down again. As he lay on the ground dreaming a beautiful

(*Continued on page 78*)

Regal's supreme . . use it as cream

★ from milk produced on Britain's finest pastures. Unequalled for all purposes where milk is needed and excellent as cream with fruit and other dishes.

for
MILK PUDDINGS
& CUSTARDS
with
FRUIT · CEREALS
JELLIES · TRIFLES
in
TEA or COFFEE

REGAL

Evaporated Full Cream Milk

During any temporary shortage of canned condensed milk, supplies of Regal and Lacta may not be constantly available in all areas.

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS · MAKERS OF 'LACTA' PRODUCTS

I love

MARIE BRIZARD

APRY

the liqueur of the ***Apricot***

★ *Available from Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.*

Sole Distributors: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Max. Prices: Bottle 33/9; ½ bot. 17/7; ¼ bot. 9/2; miniature 3/7. U.K. only

---

Delicious

with all MEAT AND FISH DISHES

C&B

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

NOW!
DUNLOPILLO
PRODUCE THE PERFECT
Pillow

It's a new and wonderful experience in comfortable living—a pillow of frothy, million-bubble latex foam, processed to a softness and delicate resilience never before achieved.
Standard size (to fit 27" x 18" pillow case) with white cambric cover—
59/6 inc. P.T.

Look for the Dunlopillo ribbon across the corner.

THE New
DUNLOPILLO
☆SUPER COMFORT Pillow

AWARDED THE SEAL OF APPROVAL OF THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

* WONDERFULLY SOFT
* NON-BUNCHING
* NON-ALLERGIC
* SELF-VENTILATING

Write for illustrated leaflet to:—
DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIV.), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9
LONDON: 77 KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.3

FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

'DAILY MAIL' IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION · OLYMPIA · MARCH 4-29
STAND No. 20 · GRAND HALL · GROUND FLOOR

ID/D53

dream of himself and Lilla in a situation that needn't here be described, he felt a tug on his collar and found himself yanked to his feet once more. A hand—it was Shorty's—pushed him roughly in the back.

"Whass the marrer with you? Beatin' people up! Come on—let's get out of here!"

BACK at the café from which they had started the evening, Shorty pushed a cup of tea and a pork pie away from him and smirked triumphantly.

"Quite a night, eh, kid? Quite a night."

"Yes, six quid's worth of it," answered David despondently, out of a jaw that was stiffer than a guardsman's back.

"Don' worry, don' worry," said Shortly, shooing the complaint away with a wave of his stubby hand.

"I've got your money an' more—look!"

David looked. Out of Shorty's overcoat pocket came a roll of pound notes.

"Where the——?"

"They fell out of the bookie's satchel when the fight was on," explained Shorty. "I picked 'em up."

"But——"

"Fifty quid, that's what's there, fifty quid. An' I propose to split it thirty—twenty. Thirty to me for the risk I took in whippin' it—twenty to you. That okay?"

But he never did get round to telling Shorty how much he appreciated it. For, at that moment, the café door opened and in walked the bogus "Perce" and the Honest Giant. They had in their hands what were later described in court as "blunt instruments". . . .

* * *

When he awoke next morning, David found himself in heaven . . . a heaven in which there were angels with white caps and starched fronts who smelled of anaesthetic. Also in heaven were rows of trim, white beds with charts hung on them and one or two with screens around them. In one of these select alcoves was a certain newly arrived saint named Shorty.

An elevated angel—she went by the name of Sister whereas the others were merely called Nurse—informed David that Saint Shorty had arrived in Paradise in a critical condition the night before, but was now safely passed the crisis. David couldn't care less. With a bandage a foot long around his head and his ribs encased in plaster he was feeling pretty critical himself.

The Sister went on to say that a certain earth-being named Lilla had telephoned heaven several times and was anxious to see David. If David felt well enough the Sister saw no reason why the person Lilla shouldn't enter the Gates—and David was quick to accept her suggestion. He lay back and waited for Lilla to come. Oh, what a reunion it would be! What joy would be manifest, what tears shed!

And then Lilla appeared. She looked wonderful in a well-cut check costume and yellow blouse and with that hair—that hair!—richer and redder than ever. Her large brown eyes softened at the sight of him.

"Hallo, David."

"Hallo, Lilla."

Now was his chance!

"Well, Lilla, it's a long story." Her roving, sympathetic eyes beseeched him to go on. He confidently took her hand. "Lilla, you know I've been in love with you a long time." Her hand closed over his. "David," she breathed.

"But I wanted to do things right."

"Oh, David."

"It was an engagement or nothing."

"David."

"So I had to get a ring."

"David!"

"So I went to the dogs."

"Dogs! Gambling! Lucky I found *you* out in time!"

She withdrew her hand Her face hardened.

With a swing of her red mane, she started down the ward. David turned his head into the pillow and groaned pitifully.

A moment later, a hand touched him on the shoulder. Slowly, he looked up. Standing beside him was Lilla. The hardness had gone out of her face.

"David," she said, quietly.

"Well?"

"I'm sorry. It's just dawned on me *why* you were gambling."

Now it was *his* turn to bristle.

"Oh, it has, has it?"

"Yes. And I apologize."

"Fat lot of good that'll do you now."

"But David——"

"Go on back to Bill Rivers—back to his roadster—back to hell as far as I'm concerned! I'm through!"

There was silence for a long while. Then, snivelling, Lilla began to walk away again down the ward. Each tap of her high heels tore a rent in David's heart. And, then, the tapping stopped. David gathered she had halted and was looking back at him.

"David . . ." he heard her voice whine a little way off. Should he look up—or shouldn't he? Was momentary pride to stand in the way of lasting happiness? A smile, he knew, would bring her back to him. And yet——

"Oh, for Gawd's sake, be in!" came a moan from Shorty's bed. And David obliged.

END

THE MAIN ADVANTAGE

Brandy Snaps—
from the Main Cookery Book.

Gas cooking in the Main is the best encouragement a novice could enjoy—and the greatest delight for the experienced. It's easy to work, easy to clean. The patent Mainstat keeps the oven at the required heat . . . and there are safety spring-loaded taps to all burners. But see the Main for yourself when you visit your Gas Showroom.

Good cooking becomes a pleasure!

MAIN GAS COOKERS

GS

Walk with Liberty

Made in black, brown, and blue calf.
Price 75/-

A pair of top quality shoes will last longer than two pairs of inferior make, though price difference may be little. Liberty shoes are maintained on highest quality standards, so that your money goes further.

LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTURERS
LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

in the Spring

with

Peter Pan REGD.
CHILDREN'S TAILORED GARMENTS

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Flowers For The World

(*Continued from page 16*)

this little piece of country which a geological chance—aided through the centuries by Dutch industry—has made the perfect soil for raising bulbs.

In this small area which you can explore easily in a day there will flower this year tens of millions of bulbs, turning the flat land into a checkerboard of colour. But for most of the flowers their life will be brief.

To ensure all the strength of the plant going into the bulbs, the flowers are beheaded soon after they appear. Piles of the blooms higher than a man's head appear in the corners of the fields, beauty sacrificed so that in succeeding years there shall be more beauty in countries hundreds and even thousands of miles away.

Enterprising children string the heads of daffodils into garlands six feet or more in length for sale to passers-by who for a shilling or two can decorate their cars and even bicycles as if they were going to a carnival of flowers.

After the war eighty acres of an estate near Lisse called the Keukenhof were turned into a spring garden, every Dutch bulb grower contributing a quota of his favourite flowers. The result is a unique garden which in April and May is of breathtaking beauty and surely unique. About ten million bulbs of every kind flower in the lawns cut out of the natural woods and thickets, on the banks of streams and ponds and in a few formal beds.

A FEATURE of the Keukenhof is a half-acre greenhouse in which are planted about 750 different varieties of tulip, twenty or more bulbs of each variety. The result is an astonishing rainbow which is almost bewildering.

Each bed is named and the idea is to enable visitors, if they can persuade themselves to think that far ahead, to use this living catalogue to help them choose the bulbs they will plant next autumn as well, perhaps, as to prove that well-grown the tulips can really be like the pictures on the cover!

The Keukenhof is the show-place. The real work is done in the fields of straw-covered soil and the store-rooms with their endless rows of air-conditioned racks. Most of these fields have been reclaimed from the sea or the sand dunes at a cost of many hundreds of pounds an acre, an investment made worth while because of the unique qualities of the sandy soil for growing bulbs.

Men walk down the beds divided by little paths that give 300 beds to the acre and with practised eye spot any plant that shows sign of poor growth or disease. Out it comes for incineration. Disease could be a disastrous business to the growers and there is a special laboratory at Lisse for research, not only into viruses—it recently acquired an electron microscope to study them—but also for the best methods of ensuring that the bulbs will bloom well in the many different countries for which they are destined.

So good is the control now that the bulbs even go to countries in the southern hemisphere whose spring corresponds with autumn in the land where the bulbs are reared. The bulbs are deceived into flowering at what should be an unseasonable time by giving them a sort of artificial winter by refrigeration.

THERE was also the very important matter of the name. A bad name can ruin the chances of a new tulip or daffodil. To prevent duplication new names are registered with the Grower's Association in Holland and the Royal Horticultural Society in Britain, but otherwise the name is a matter of the grower's imagination and fancy.

Names of famous men and women are popular—but it has to be remembered that fame, especially in the world of entertainment, is fleeting!

But if the flower appeals it will remain famous when the person it honoured is beginning to be forgotten—thousands who now plant Clara Butt can never have heard of her and no doubt in thirty years' time the Danny Kaye tulip, with its almost eccentric colouring, will still be bought even if Danny in the flesh is no longer filling the Palladium.

Anyone with a patch of land in this little strip of country seems to grow bulbs. There are the huge farms of the really big firms who count their bulbs in millions; the average farms of ten to forty acres that have probably been in one family for generations and the little "allotments" of workers who like to grow bulbs as something of a gamble. There seems to be only one way of selling bulbs in Holland and that is by auction at Haarlem and there is always the chance that a strong demand for some variety will bring unexpected wealth.

Truly, when de Busbecq, Austrian Ambassador to the court of Suleiman in 1555 became the first European to see a tulip and brought some bulbs back to the Austrian Emperor he started something. The Dutch should be grateful to him as every gardener this spring should be grateful for the freak of Nature which provided in Holland soil in which, after many failures elsewhere, it was found these bulbs could flourish.

END

Eastertide (*Continued from page 25*)

using up the last of surplus eggs.

The making and tossing of pancakes is by no means peculiar to the countryside, but country people still tend to regard Shrove Tuesday as a time for rest and recreation, and in both farm and cottage alike, especially in the more remote parts, families still like to celebrate the occasion by inviting their friends to join with them in their time-honoured feasting.

With the arrival of Lent such folk immediately, by common consent, decide upon one favoured dish that must be sacrificed for the period of the fast, be it the breakfast porridge, the cherished suet puddings, or the evening kipper.

On the fourth Sunday in Lent—that known as "Mothering Sunday"—it was always customary for daughters, wherever they might be, to spend the day with their mothers. At first light daughters would steal from their employers' houses to trudge the several miles that separated them from their homes.

With them they would take bunches of flowers, and perhaps a cake made by their mistress, as gifts for their mothers. While, in turn, the latter would prepare bowls of furmenty for the breakfast greeting.... This simple custom still maintains in many parts.

Finally, as Palm Sunday brings Lent to its close, many a countryman may yet be found cutting willow wands from the woods in representation of the boughs of palm that were thrown down on the road to Jerusalem. With these his wife will then decorate the cottage.

AT no time does he become more superstitious than on Good Friday. To suggest that he might ignore the hot cross bun would be tantamount to sacrilege.

For some unaccountable reason it is also held in some parts, particularly in the Midland villages, that if soapsuds are used on Good Friday there is bound to be a death in the family within the year.

Indeed, until quite recent times it was thought that if the washing was hung on the line it would become speckled with the blood of Christ. Perhaps on account of these old superstitions, country women generally are still inclined to keep away from the wash-tub on Good Friday and make it a day of rest from household chores whereas they may scrub and polish just the same on any other holiday.

EVER since the Middle Ages it has been customary to play marbles in the forenoon of Good Friday, and in one or two villages, where the old practice maintains, it is known as "Marbles Day." At Tinsley Green, on the Surrey-Sussex border, as at Battle, country folk from miles around meet every year at the local inn to play the "ring taw" version of this medieval pastime in the forecourt.

At both these places rivalry between the various village teams is keen, and it is amusing to hear the countrymen using the very same terms as did the villagers of Chaucer's England—such expressions as "flip an alley," "flick a tolly," "die shot," and suchlike—as they set about their play with the earnestness of armies in battle.

One of the most notable features of Good Friday, though, was the performance of "pace eggs" plays. Thought to be in some way connected with the legend of St. George and the Dragon, troops of boys used to dress up in strange costumes, decorated with multi-coloured ribbons, and pass from house to house.

Before each door they would give their performance, and then, in return, demand gifts of eggs or money. Such plays varied in detail from village to village, but there was always a mimic battle with wooden swords in the course of which one of the players was wounded, thus necessitating a call for the "doctor." The plays were performed in doggerel rhyme and recited in the local dialect.

Like the marble playing, the pace-egg plays are by no means forgotten. They are still performed at Midgley, in Yorkshire, in various parts of Cheshire, in one or two villages by the Athelney Marshes of Somerset, and no doubt in a number of other places. In some parts the performances are given on Easter Sunday rather than on Good Friday.

AND so the mournful day of Good Friday gives way to the joyful day of Easter—the day to which all thoughts have been turned during the weeks that began with Shrove Tuesday. Hearts are uplifted, and cottage homes gaily decorated with snowdrops, primroses, tender buds and such blossom as may be in flower.

Remembering how Christ rose from the tomb, some of the older country folk still like to be up betimes to greet the rising sun as their forebears have done throughout the centuries. And people of all ages who then make their way to their village church to take the Sacrament will be careful to wear at least one new garment, be it only a hat or a pair of shoes, as a token of respect.

In the country Easter assumes a rural complexion. In cottage homes far and wide tradition still dictates that, the egg being a symbol of birth—and after all, Easter commemorates a re-birth—gaily decorated eggs from the birds of the farm should be served for breakfast before ever a thought is given to anything so artificial as a chocolate egg. And in the farmhouse kitchens many a housewife may yet be found boiling shell eggs in home-made dyes to represent those of the wild birds such as once formed the recognized Easter gift.

Birds, beasts and the very fields all come into the picture on Easter Sunday. At lunch the beasts are represented as a young and tender lamb is eaten with mint sauce. And before the day is out many a countryman will have emerged from his cottage door to offer a toast to his crops. Sometimes, as in the Welsh Border country, he may even go to the extreme of inviting the best of his fruit trees to join with him by pouring a little of his drink over its roots.

To the countryman Easter provides another link in the chain of religious thought joining Land and Church together—and so must never be neglected.

END

Two colours – two stitches!

. . . combine to make this lovely lace-front jumper. In George Lee's TARGET Campanula 2-ply. Leaflet No. 1173 (Bust 34 in.), 6d. from your woolshop, or 7d. post free: George Lee & Sons Ltd., Dept. 55, Wakefield.

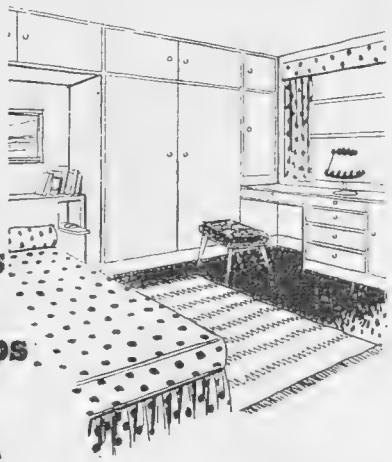
Target KNITTING WOOLS

GEORGE LEE & SONS LTD · WAKEFIELD

Spinners and Dyers since 1830

'TOO SMALL' I thought and THEN...

to find a house or flat large enough at an economical figure seemed hopeless. Then a friend showed us a booklet which really opened our eyes to the space-saving possibilities of Chippendale's Built-in Furniture. We took the booklet with us in our search. Now, we have our home, furnished throughout by Chippendale's. Of course, it cost rather more than mass-production furniture, but it does provide the spaciousness of a larger house at a fraction of the cost. Write now for your free copy of "The Art of Spacious Living" —a booklet showing the wonderful possibilities of Built-in furniture.



Chippendale's Workshops

See our STAND No. 14
GRAND HALL · Ground Floor
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA

(Dept. 49), 75, Baker Street, London, W.1. Phone: Welbeck 1194

V315

VAPEX

For head colds

B·R·E·A·T·H·E THE VAPOUR FOR PROMPT RELIEF

Use the Vapex Inhaler—which contains Vapex in a most convenient form, ideal for daytime. At night put a drop of Vapex on the end of your pillow. For chest colds rub in Vapex Volatol.

Vapex Inhaler.....1/0
Vapex Inhalant.....3/-
Vapex Volatol.....1/9

of all Chemists
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

also ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR VAPEX PASTILLES · 2/-

ONE! TWO! THREE!

PANTIES for me GIRDLE for me BRIEFS for me

by SILK-SKIN Gossard
LONDON · NEW YORK

The darlings of American women

SILK-SKIN—are here . . . Briefs, tailored panties, gossamer girdles . . . in a style and size to fit *you*, in your favourite store today. *37/9 each*

★ *fully fashioned* ★ *seamless* ★ *pre-shrunk*

Britain's Other Industries (*Continued from page 20*)

redundant; but such crafts as those mentioned above have continued, a survival from the pre-industrial era quite as worth while as those traditional features of rural Merrie England, the rose-covered cottage porches, the folk dances, the Maypole junketings on the village green.

To scotch any idea that these traditional craftsmen are picturesque survivals from the past and to emphasize that they have a job to do in the modern countryside, all kinds of schemes are operating to-day—loans, research and information services, training and apprenticeship courses and a chain of rural industries committees. With such aids the craftsmen can set themselves up, adapt themselves to modern needs and keep abreast of new developments.

This forward-looking movement started less than fifty years ago. There was always the possibility that well-meaning sentimentalists, viewing these sturdy villagers through spectacles too rose-tinted, might turn them into something quaint and arty-crafty, or even damn them with the horrid prefix "ye olde"; but in 1909 Lloyd George, with sound common sense, sponsored an Act establishing a Development Commission, a body charged with furthering the interests of farming, the countryside generally, and fisheries. And this, of course, was just the kind of practical, down-to-earth assistance that was wanted.

SINCE then several other organizations have taken up the good work. In 1921 the Rural Industries Intelligence Bureau—it has since dropped the word "Intelligence"—was formed to give craftsmen and others technical advice and information on the whole range of rural crafts; and later it began carrying out research, surveys and experiments in these crafts and the use of country materials. It now runs a body of specialists in several rural industries, market intelligence and costing—for even the humblest country craftsman must know how to cost his products and keep books. And it has also in each county a rural industries organizer whose job is to know the local craftsmen and their problems.

Training, too, comes under the Bureau's activities; for instance, in conjunction with other interested bodies, it has organized the instruction of ex-Service and disabled men in saddlery, and soon nearly 100 trained saddlers will have been turned out, skilled cutters and stitchers of leather whose work is in demand wherever men use horses.

An interesting example of pre-war care for rural industries that paid dividends during the war is provided by the work of the National Council of Social Service, which sponsors a chain of rural community councils and rural industries committees.

When urgent war-time repairs to farm machinery could not all be done by the distant and busy servicing stations it was found possible, through the National Council's local committees, to draw up a 25,000-strong register of key craftsmen who came to the rescue with emergency repairs and vital spare parts.

For many of these country craftsmen operating in a small way money may be tight—and yet they must have suitable equipment and accommodation. To meet these difficulties the Development Commission created in 1940 and 1947 two funds, the first to help provide up-to-date tools and the second a good, sound workshop, either new or repaired. Both these loans have been widely used.

Implicit in all these schemes to encourage the country craftsman is the proviso: "No large units need apply." The cash, the training, the advice and information, the rural committees, are essentially for the small man, the basket-maker on his own, the thatcher and his two assistants, the little firm of rural potters, the modest agricultural engineering business.

OF all these craft-materials wood is perhaps the commonest—the clog-maker's birch or alder, the Buckinghamshire chair-maker's beech, the thatcher's hazel pegs, the Cotswold hurdle-maker's willow, the ash rods of the hoop-maker, the chestnut of the Kentish paling-maker, the various woods of the boat-builders, bowl-makers, trug-makers, makers of hay rakes, pitch-forks and ladders. No doubt the timber for some of these things now goes straight to larger factories, but woodworking is still a basic country craft.

Then there is the saddler's leather, which goes into straps, braces, leads, collars and equipment for horses; the basket-maker's Fenland withies; the potter's and brick-maker's clay; the reed, straw and rush of the thatcher.

Maybe it is because a thatched roof looks so picturesquely rustic and suggests the kind of country cottage that many of us dream of that the thatcher and his craft have a special appeal for townsmen. But quite apart from sentiment, this skilled manipulator of tough East Anglian reed or wheaten straw puts a magnificent covering on a house, solid, durable and weather-proof. And it would be a shame if he were to disappear.

ANOTHER ancient craft which is being encouraged to carry on its work to-day is that of the mason's. While stone, their raw material, is plentiful, the craftsmen to work it are not; and—as one instance of what is being done to keep the mason's craft alive—Gloucestershire's rural community council has initiated a survey of stone-workers and quarries. Cotswold local authorities, taking advantage of the extra Government subsidy for houses built in local stone, are maintaining local tradition—and pleasing the eye—by erecting houses of the beautiful creamy-golden stone that distinguishes the Cotswold country.

What, in terms of figures, is the extent of the work now being done for rural industries by the various bodies interested in them? From a recent report in *The Times*, it appears that some £165,000 a year is being spent on them, and that contact has been made with 13,000 businesses employing 34,000 individuals (the output of these businesses, in England and Wales, being worth about £30 million a year). Particularly interesting are these figures as showing the truly tiny scale of these rural industries—average number of employees less than three!

Though economists may say that this is the day of the large-scale business, here at least is a hint that there is room—in the sheds and workshops of the countryside—for another kind of industry. The small units of skilled craftsmen, experts in their job, working in the service of agriculture and turning country products into good sound articles may, with encouragement, continue to hold their place alongside industry's bigger battalions. It would be a great loss, and not only to the countryside, if they failed to survive.

END

Car On A Budget (*Continued from page 56*)

This system usually can be improved on after several tries, using slightly different roads each time until the speedometer shows the smallest mileage over the course. It is essential to write down the speedometer mileage before starting out on each "sortie," keeping a log from point to point until the best route is arrived at.

Experts have worked out that to run a 12 h.p. car about 10,000 miles a year, with insurance, repairs, petrol, etc., costs in the neighbourhood of about 4½d. a mile.

Petrol can be saved by taking the car to a bus stop or station, and travelling by public transport if it puts you down near your destination. A little thought will produce various ways of paring down that old petrol bill to suit your budget.

Points two and three. The way in which a car is driven effects petrol consumption. One of the big American fuel companies ran a car competition, the winner being the one who covered a given long distance on the smallest amount of gas (petrol).

Every engine was tuned to perfection, all moving parts being thoroughly greased to overcome the slightest degree of friction.

Battery terminals were clean and tightened, tyre pressures correct and even, and the cars were warmed up before they started.

MOST of these things are possible on the average car, and the object of them is to give the engine as little heavy work to do. Naturally if an engine meets resistance such as sluggish cold oil or under-pressure tyres, it will require more force—supplied by its petrol—to move it.

Anyone who has struggled to clean a pot of solid honey will know how much more strength it takes than emptying one of the thin running kind; and a car is human in the same way that the heavier the job the more energy it will take.

If a car has to be driven away cold in the morning, before the oil has a chance to warm up, it should be lightly driven with as little throttle as possible.

A light foot on the accelerator pedal is a good thing at all times for it saves fuel.

Dramatic bursts of speed away from traffic lights may show other vehicle drivers how snappy your model is, but like everything in the nature of a "display" it costs money—in petrol. Long-distance driving requires a feather-foot on the throttle pedal to maintain a good cruising speed. Sudden bursts of speed, then violent braking for corners, and fierce acceleration again is wasteful of petrol and not good driving.

Car washing is so costly these days some drivers are apt to brush it aside as unnecessary. A well-groomed car not only looks elegant, no matter what its age, but pays handsomely in saving body repair bills, as well as giving its driver a feeling of satisfaction.

To-day, even with modern methods of protecting steel, small body scratches on cars can let rust develop in a frightening manner. And the less said about post-war chrome on cars the better. This can disintegrate almost before your eyes.

WASHING a car is considered a man's job. To this theory I say "pooh." In my own opinion, and that of my mews neighbours, I am one of the finest car washers in North London.

To keep a car in first-class condition, and easy to keep clean, never let it get really dirty.

If I can, I choose a rainy day to wash the car as rain water is excellent for the paint, and if the car is left out in a downpour, the dirt is loosened and slides off easily.

Avoid, if possible, putting the car away wet and dirty. A quick rub down with a bucket of water and a sponge is advisable, even if there is not time to leather it over.

A woman driver's approach to car washing is usually that of the housewife who grapples with dust and grime and knows the most effective way of dealing with them. Dusters, little brushes, washing-up powders, and even a kitchen-mop come in handy when probing into corners cunningly concealed by the modern, so called streamlined, design.

If more than one member of the family drives, it is advisable to work out a co-operative scheme so that the maximum use can be made on the minimum of running.

END

There is pride of possession in

DORCAS

TOWELS • SHEETS • PILLOWCASES

Long years of good wear will justify your choice.

J. & N. PHILIPS & CO. LTD. MANCHESTER

Look at it this way

It is easier to control your personal and housekeeping expenditure when you have a banking account.

This new booklet, specially written for women, shows you how simple it is to open an account in the friendly atmosphere of Lloyds Bank. You can obtain a copy by calling at any branch of the Bank, or by post from Head Office at 71 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

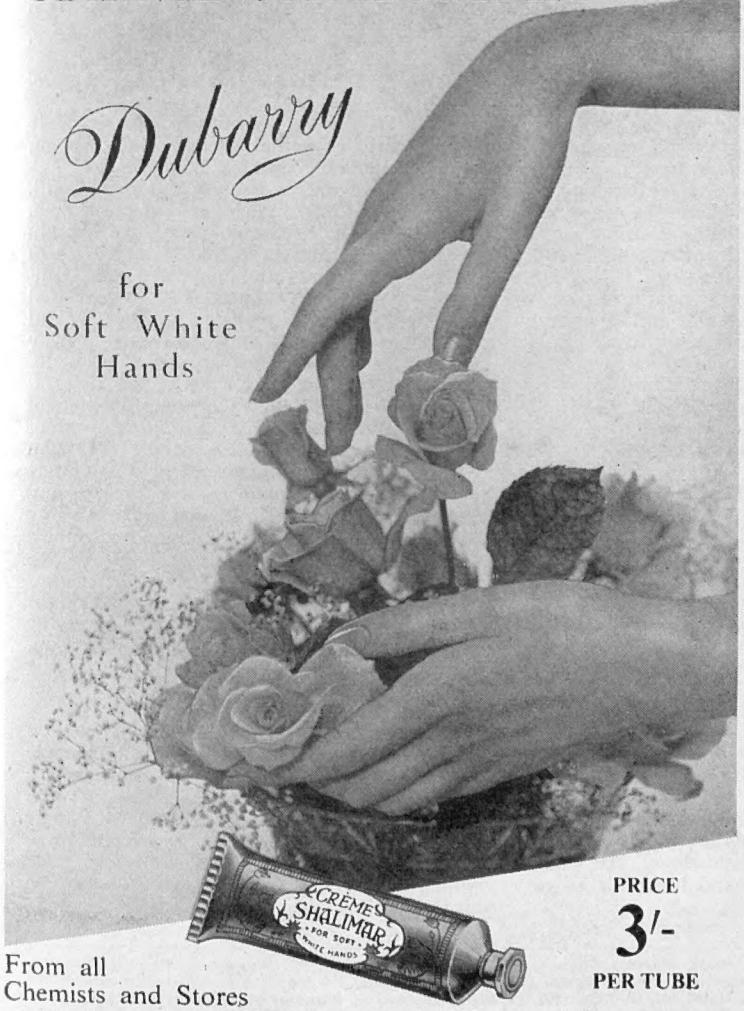
Let LLOYDS BANK look after *your* interests

1677

CREME SHALIMAR

Dubarry

for Soft White Hands



From all Chemists and Stores

PRICE 3/- PER TUBE

Gentle self-massage is the way to

GAIN AND RETAIN a *Rallie* GOOD FIGURE

No drugs, dieting or strenuous effort

No longer do you need an iron will and a cast-iron constitution to get rid of that 'tummy' and bring back a youthful waistline. NOW . . . you can *ease* away those extra inches with the Rallie Massage Belt. Just a few minutes' exhilarating stretch - and - relax movements every morning and your abdomen is gently massaged back into shape. *Soon you are looking slimmer and younger—feeling fitter than you've done for years!* This safe, invigorating home treatment is fully approved and recommended by the medical profession for both men and women.

Illustrated Booklet Free. Write enclosing 2½d. stamp to

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.

(Dept. 140K)
62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

The Casket Of Romance (*Continued from page 15*)

to become Dame of the British Empire and the Queen of the British Stage—her name was Marie Tempest.

MARIE TEMPEST was all that the public imagined a leading lady to be—and more. She lived up to her name—she could cause a tempest in and out of the theatre and she did. She was unpredictable, she was troublesome—but she was an amazing actress, whether in straight or musical shows.

She could sing like a bird, she could dance well and she could act with shining talent. She had no great beauty of face or feature, her figure never conformed to the statuesque standard of her time, she had no great height—she was a small woman, indeed—but she had that ineffable quality of charm and fascination which is the greatest gift of all to a woman. She was indeed the epitome of a dainty rogue in porcelain and she never lost that to her dying day.

She had great distinction—she was an aristocrat of the Theatre and she became its Queen. She saw to it that hers was no constitutional monarchy—she was an autocratic monarch—a despot if you will. She brooked no rivalry, no argument. Her word was law. There were battles all the time and she always won.

One such battle was waged with George Edwardes and it was a defeat for him—who hardly ever suffered a setback. It arose over a dispute concerning the wearing of trousers or "shorts." The cause was Marie Tempest's costume in *San Toy*, which was a play set in China. She had been the most adorable of geisha's in the play of that name—who, privileged to hear it, will ever forget her singing "The Amorous Goldfish"?—and now, in *San Toy* she had to be a Chinese boy.

Edwardes gave his productions beautiful dresses and scenery and most of those costumes were made on the premises by the most remarkable wardrobe mistress who ever lived, whose name was Mrs. Field. He decided that Miss Tempest must wear long Chinese trousers.

But Miss Tempest had other views. She was quite sure that she was going to wear brief and becoming "shorts" (they were called knickers then) as did Principal Boys who played Aladdin. The battle was joined between two people with wills of their own and was long and bitter. But Marie Tempest won.

She wore the shorts—and looked adorable—and the play triumphed with her. But it was her last appearance at Daly's. She passed out of its stage door for the last time—indeed she left musical comedy and became a "straight" actress and a superb one, too.

BLESS her, she was a brave woman. She toured the country in the blackout, enduring long and dangerous train journeys. She recked nothing of bombs. When, in that first rush from town, she saw the cars speeding from London past her gateway, she stood there and shouted at them that they were rats.

So many beautiful and wonderful women passed through that stage door. There was Letty Lind, dainty, petite and most divinely fair. She was one of five sisters, all successes on the stage, the others being Lydia Flopp (who belied her name), Millie Hylton, Fanny Dango and Adelaide Astor, who married George Grossmith of the Gaiety.

This little wisp of femininity could cast a spell—she was just a delicate piece of Romance, of Allure. She had nothing of a voice, so far as power went, but her diction and her timing were perfect. She always had the same sort of song—usually of a semi-zoological nature—"The Monkey on the Stick"; "Polly Winked Her Eye" and "The Gay Tom Tit" are not forgotten. And when she danced, she became a moonbeam.

Edwardes insisted on a higher vocal standard at Daly's and a slightly lower standard of beauty and what is known as glamour—but the Daly's Girls were lovelies all the same—and frequently married into the peerage.

UP that alley and through that stage door went a remarkable collection of women. Evie Green, one of the finest leading ladies that musical shows ever possessed in this or any other country, had her triumphs at Daly's.

She was at her peerless best in *A Country Girl*. The rôle of the Devonshire lass suited this tall, handsome, dark, slumbrous-eyed beauty like a glove. Her sense of comedy got full scope, she had moments of sentiment and drama, too—and she was a wonderful actress. Her magnificent voice was not fully extended in that particular success—but when she told us of "Molly the Marchioness" who drank champagne in a tumbler and sampled all the liqueurs—to say nothing of having a second helping of everything—and when she issued a playful warning to Johnny from London, who tried his wiles on the country girls, and warned him that "You Can't Get the Better of a Devonshire Girl"—so he had better try again—well, it was sheer delight to listen and look.

Olive Morell was another Daly's star, who migrated to the Gaiety—not quite her right home—and left the stage on marriage.

There was Maggie May, whose fine soprano soared to Himalayan height when she sang about the Deodar. And in *A Country Girl* too, was Gracie Leigh, the leading soubrette of the musical stage. And during the run, that part was shared by another young lady, whose name was Ethel Irving. She partnered Huntley Wright, Daly's own comedian, in duets—they were two little chicks having a quarrel and then a man and a woman having a quarrel, too, and it was difficult to say which was the better of the two.

BUT it was not only girls at Daly's. The men were famous, too. Hayden Coffin, leading man for years, was the idol of the ladies. He was handsome, he was manly—and he could sing.

As an actor he might be a bit stiff—but what cared the ladies for that? To see him as a naval officer, as he so often appeared, to hear him sing "Jack's the Boy for Work"—to see him as a soldier singing the praises of "Tommy Atkins"—Daly's could be patriotic and was—"The Soldiers of the Queen" was sung there after a try out on the music halls—and to hear him in sentimental solos and duets was just what the ladies desired.

He was immensely and justly popular and he looked what he was—an actor. He drove down to the theatre each day in a smart phaeton—far more dashing and romantic than any motor-car could hope to be. And maybe he avenged the defeat of Augustin Daly, for he was of American parentage though born in Manchester. He was destined to be a doctor but the stage triumphed. And at the end of his career he became quite a good actor as well.

There was Rutland Barrington, the great Savoyard, just as much at home at Daly's as the Savoy. His calm, almost ponderous manner, his seemingly effortless style which was at the same time incisive and his ability to give a song real point were never seen to better advantage than in *A Country Girl*. He was "The Rajah of Bhong"—and he had the best topical song ever written—and perhaps the best ever sung—in "Peace, Peace." He had new verses nightly, as up to date as the evening papers.

BUT not only comedy happened at that stage door—there was tragedy, too. James White, the fabulous financier from Rochdale, the ex-bricklayer turned millionaire, ran Daly's in its later days. His shaky empire was crashing round him, but as yet the public did not know.

One day he gave the stage-door keeper a sealed parcel. "Now look here," he said, "lock that up, forget it and never give it to anyone but me. And when I ask you for it, say to me: "Are you sure you want it? Argue with me, will you? But don't tell anyone else. . . ." The day came when White asked for that parcel. The stage door man argued, as he had been told, but White was insistent and taking the parcel, still sealed, he left for Daly's Theatre.

In that parcel was the key to the other world for the following morning came the news of his suicide. . . .

But to many people Daly's will always mean one thing. That happened when Edwardes started to import musical plays from Vienna and bring the romance of Vienna and its lovely melodies to London. He adapted those plays, he gave them his own touch, but when they held the stage, then indeed, for many years, Daly's was a casket of romance. And it was never more romantic than on the occasion which so many people hold so dear—and that occasion was the production of *The Merry Widow*. That was something indeed—that made history.

It was near tragedy, too, for the Guv'nor had had a bad time—money was tight—a new play which he wanted to do was not ready. There must be a stop-gap, to try and tide things over. That stop-gap was *The Merry Widow*. Much hung in the balance—would it hold off trouble? Nobody really believed in it. A young actress was given the lead who had not yet been wonderfully successful and yet another American came into the Daly's story . . . a light comedian from the States who had made a bit of a name. The rest of the cast were Daly's stalwarts. The composer, Franz Lehar, came over for rehearsals. They did not dare, until the dress rehearsal, let him see the leading man who was the American comedian.

ON the Continent the part had been a romantic one. When Lehar beheld his Daly's "Danilo" he was thunderstruck. "But he is a very funny man," they assured the great Austrian, who replied with anger. "But I have not written funny music. . . ." The curtain went up—the rest is history. That young actress conquered London, conquered the country, as few have done before.

And she was Lily Elsie. There she was—the Merry Widow personified, the complete embodiment of feminine charm, fascination, allure, glamour, that is the only word—glamour. Lily Elsie *really* had it, has it still. And the leading man was Joseph Coyne. There has never been such a stage partnership of Romance. Here was the quintessence of charm—both male and female. Lehar withdrew all objections. Thronged houses waited with bated breath whilst The Widow and The Prince fought their love battle. They became ecstatic over the wonders of the waltz and when, at last, that eagerly awaited and long denied kiss was achieved, the sigh of delight could have been heard in the street outside. *The Merry Widow* became more than a Daly's play—it became an institution. It swayed women's fashions—no lady with any pretence at being well dressed could possibly appear in public without a Merry Widow hat.

But Lily Elsie was the Widow of Widows—a rippling stream of beauty, a willow waving in the breeze, a thing of joy and delight for ever. That was the highspot of all the Daly's highspots. The dignified auditorium, its panels of rare woods agleam, was a setting for the rank and fashion of the times.

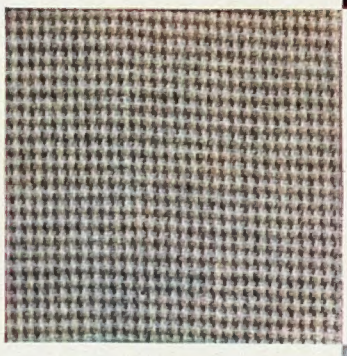
* * *

It has gone now. There is a cinema on the site. Middle aged and ageing people when they pass by see in their mind's eye instead that unassuming front which was Daly's Theatre. And some even turn aside to where stood that stage door which saw so much starshine, into which passed those stars which made Daly's what it so truly was—a Casket of Romance.

END

1.3.52

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford), Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.



grace in movement

For you who buy quality, but spend very little, who 'bus' to the office—or stride the moorlands—GOR-RAY skirts are designed for you, to wing each step you take with freedom. There are many lovely Gor-Ray styles to choose from—in many cloths and many colours—each one with an ample hem so you can always key the length to current fashion. Sold at stores everywhere and still priced around 50/-.

GOR-RAY REGD.

Skirts one better!

Gor-Ray Ltd., 107 New Bond St. London W.1

English Rose Kitchen Equipment characterises all that is fine in British workmanship and design, and that is why it is to be found throughout the World in the homes of those discerning people who recognise, and will be satisfied with nothing less than The Best. If, therefore, you cannot obtain an "English Rose" Kitchen as quickly as you would wish, remember that the need to Export must be met, and draw consolation from the fact that "English Rose" is well worth waiting for.

The "English Rose" Kitchen—the only completely *styled* kitchen in current production—includes floor cabinets, wall cupboards, sink unit, serving trolley, refrigerator, gas or electric cooker, domestic boiler and air conditioning. Obtainable as a complete kitchen or individual units. Please write for Publication E.R.102—the latest and most authoritative book on kitchen planning.

English Rose
REGD. TRADE MARK
KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LIMITED · WARWICK
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 229-231 REGENT STREET, W.1. *Telephone: MAYfair 9975*